Week ending July 17 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

NO WONDER NURSES QUIT!

by CLAUD MORRIS—page 5

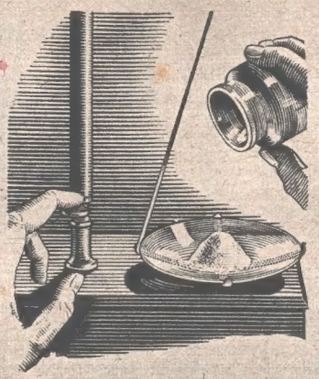
FAMOUS TRIALS: by BECHHOFER ROBERTS page 9

FERRANTI

You want the stations and you want them clearly. You want tip-top reproduction. You want reliability. You want good looks. Have you got them? If not you want FERRANTI

RADIO

FERRANTI LTD. MOSTON MANCHESTER & 36 KINGSWAY LONDON WC2



THE chemist's balance betokens an accuracy that is not satisfied by average standards. The dispensing of prescriptions calls for exactness, as well as an intimate knowledge of drugs and medicines. The public trust the chemist because he is trained in these matters. They know they can rely on him.

Ask his opinion of

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

THE 'POPULAR' TUMBLER

Only a few shillings will buy half-a-dozen each of the four sizes in which these beautiful and economical tumblers are made. 2 *ounce fluid capacity* for cocktails, 4 *ounce* for small whiskey, 8 *ounce* for water, 10 *ounce* for beer. In short supply just now owing to world-wide demand.

JACOBEAN

REGD. TRADE MARK

GLASSWARE

CLAYTON MAYERS & CO LTD
LONDON N.W.2

CVS-17

There's no place like an "O-sylised" home for antiseptic safety

KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE BATHROOM for First Aid: for everyday infections: for antiseptic O-syl baths.

KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE KITCHEN for antiseptic, soap-saving, home laundry: for keeping floors and utensils germ-free.

ONE THIRD OF ALL O-SYL SOLD IS BOUGHT FOR USE IN HOSPITALS.

Hospitals take no product for granted. They test its claims themselves. Hospital laboratory tests prove O-syl a most effective antiseptic against the germs causing common (and often fatal) infections.

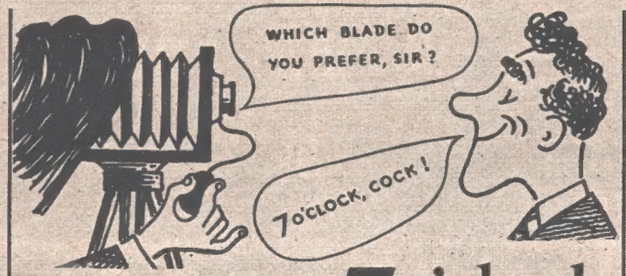
O-syl ANTISEPTIC *FOR GERM-FREE CLEANLINESS*

Your shoes are soled with dollars . . .

By all means wear leather soles, but don't wear 'em out! Leather costs dollars you know. By having Phillips Superfine 'Stick-a-Soles' and Heels fitted right from the start you never get down to the leather . . . . but make sure they are Phillips.

Phillips *double the life of your shoes*

RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS



Sharp the first time . . . . sharp every time — that's 7 O'CLOCK! Every blade triple-ground to exactly the same degree of sharpness. Every blade ready to give you a perfect shave.

Actually **COST LESS** *than* **PRE-WAR!**

7 o'clock BLADES

Now **11D** FOR SIX (Incl. Tax.)

"Experience has taught me"

Anzora Viola really does tone up the scalp. It is cooling and refreshing and, most important, keeps the hair perfectly in position. Being clean itself Anzora Viola leaves no 'tell tale' stains on hats or pillows.

Anzora Cream is for greasy scalps.

ANZORA

TRADE MARK.

"MASTERS THE HAIR"

Anzora Perfumery Company Limited London.

Holidays for chins!

If you enjoy a holiday don't you think your chin would, too? Does *that* ever have a let-up from the old shaving inquisition? Honestly, how would you like to be brushed, lathered, scraped down and generally mauled about every day — without a break?

Give your chin a perpetual holiday with Coro-shave! Give it a brand-new coolness and comfort, with never a nip of soreness in the keenest wind or hottest sun.

And — you'll have much more time to take it places, too, because a Coro-shave shave takes *only 3 minutes!* You just (1) *Wet face,* (2) *Apply Coro-shave, thinly,* (3) *SHAVE!* That's all.

So whether you're going on holiday, coming back or just staying put, now's the time to push the boat out for your old faithful. Give it Pullman comfort all-the-year-round. *Use Coro-shave!*

Coro-shave

In jars and tubes

THE MODERN BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

COS 149-943 CROWN PERFUMERY CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

There's one for you—NOW!

H. SAMUEL

'Everite' Watches are back again!

In design, precision and value these new H. Samuel "Everite" wrist watches are the finest yet produced. 15-jewelled lever movements guarantee unfailing accuracy, always. Wide choice of latest pattern solid gold, stainless steel and chromium cases. See them at your nearest H. Samuel shop or write for new Watch Catalogue—it's FREE!

OVER 100 BRANCHES

Headquarters and Post Orders Market St., Manchester, 1.

INDIGESTION

. . . *cause and remedy*

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Moorland Indigestion Tablets, are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it. Sold by all chemists, 1/8d., also in 10d. packets (including tax).

"Hold it like that, sir. Feet back a little . . . can't let that dazzling shine on your shoes steal the picture. . . ."

"Ah—that's a KIWI shine. . . ."

"It's unmistakable, sir. . . ."

". . . KIWI'S my favourite shoe polish because apart from its brilliant shine its waxes get right into the pores of the leather and keep it pliable and soft. . . . ."

KIWI DARK TAN

KIWI BLACK and all other Stain Polishes STILL 8d. Per Tin

Ask also for KIWI BLUE and KIWI TRANSPARENT specially manufactured for Ladies' Shoes

THE KIWI POLISH CO. PTY., LTD., BRUMWILL RD., EALING, LONDON, W.5.

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
JULY 17, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2194

Country Crusade

THIS HOLIDAY SEASON we have a new opportunity to prove that we can be trusted to preserve the beauty and utility of the countryside we all love. Let's use it.

Proof of respect for country rights and usages will break down opposition by landowners and farmers to such splendid projects as the National Parks.

Remember that, even when National Parks are established—and there is now a good prospect that the necessary laws will be passed during the present Parliament—they will not be merely recreation grounds for holidaymakers. Every park will be a living part of our countryside, in which agriculture and even some industry is still carried on by a resident population with rights of its own.

Countrymen tend to resent the invasion of their territory by townsmen because of damage thoughtlessly or wantonly caused by a small minority.

So we appeal to everyone who, in the next two months, seeks health and fun in the open air to remember that his playground is somebody else's workshop.

Don't start fires by dropping cigarettes and lighted matches. Don't trample down crops. Don't break fences and hedges. Don't drop waste paper and empty bottles. Shut gates behind you, and don't take dogs among sheep and cattle.

Start a crusade to keep the countryside fresh, clean and unspoiled.

Seaside Boom is Over

AFTER EASTER, and again after Whitsuntide, JOHN BULL warned the seaside holiday providers that their high-price policy would chase away the visitors.

It has worked out as we forecast. There is a very definite seaside slump. June was the worst month for many a normal year. July hasn't opened very much better. Advance bookings for most resorts show that, apart from the peak early August period, the future is bleak.

Everything but the fundamental cause is blamed by the seaside people. They plead the poor weather, foreign travel, the five-day week with father taking the family for day trips on Saturdays and not having enough left for summer holidays, the shortage of cash. . . .

The real cause is that holidaymakers have at last gone on strike against excessive charges.

Already many seaside hoteliers and landladies are making reductions to fill their rooms. It isn't too late to get prices down to a reasonable level. But this must be done quickly. Otherwise the hotels, boarding-houses, cafés, fun fairs and amusement places will stay half empty. The bottom has dropped out of the phoney seaside boom.

Be Careful on the Beach

BATHING ACCIDENTS are still far too numerous.

This waste of life—mostly precious young life, too — is partly caused by lack of organized rescue facilities at popular resorts. And that is due to shortage of manpower.

It is up to all our seaside authorities to do their best, with the available men, money and equipment, to safeguard bathers in their areas.

But the surest way to safety is for bathers themselves to observe a few simple rules. It isn't worth getting drowned—and perhaps getting somebody else drowned in trying to save you—for the sake of a brief swim.

If the sea is rough and you are not a strong swimmer, stay on dry land. If you are a poor swimmer, avoid going out of your depth in any circumstances.

"Don't get into difficulties" is the golden rule for bathers on any coast. If everyone would be a little more cautious, the accident rate would be cut to vanishing point.

American Outlook

THE OTHER AMERICAN political party selects its Presidential candidate this week. Dewey was the Republicans' choice, and few doubt that at the November election he will beat Truman or whoever else is now chosen by the Democrats.

This will mean that, after sixteen years, there will be a change of politics at the White House. Should we worry?

Certainly Roosevelt and Truman, the two successive Democratic Presidents, served the world well. They both fought on the side of sane international co-operation, and F.D.R.'s practical friendship for this country throughout the last war could never be repaid.

But Dewey, if he attains the Presidency, is not likely to disappoint us either. The days of rabid American Isolationism are over. It still makes a great noise, and it causes a lot of anti-British feeling. That's all, though.

The Marshall Aid now reaching Europe is a final proof that America does not mean to withdraw again behind her Atlantic moat as she did in 1919.

Far from being worried lest the new President turns out to be less sympathetic than the last two, we should be thankful that the end of America's election turmoil is in sight.

For an impending election forces political parties — and not only in America — to wobble in foreign policy, which is apt to be changed to suit powerful groups of voters.

Soon that danger will be over in the United States, and under a new President, settled in the White House for four years, probably with a majority in both Houses of Congress, we can expect a clear line of conduct from the great republic which now controls so much of the world's wealth and power.

–But We'll Win Tomorrow

WE ARE HAVING A BAD SUMMER in sport. The Australian cricketers have so far proved too good for our men. Wimbledon tennis brought us no laurels and no immediate sign of a future champion.

But there's still no need to cry that all is lost if our athletes now fail to triumph in the Olympic Games.

All this has happened before—and we came out on top in the end.

Remember the Test Matches after the first World War? How Armstrong's Australian team swept up the Ashes? Until a new generation of English cricketers put all that right.

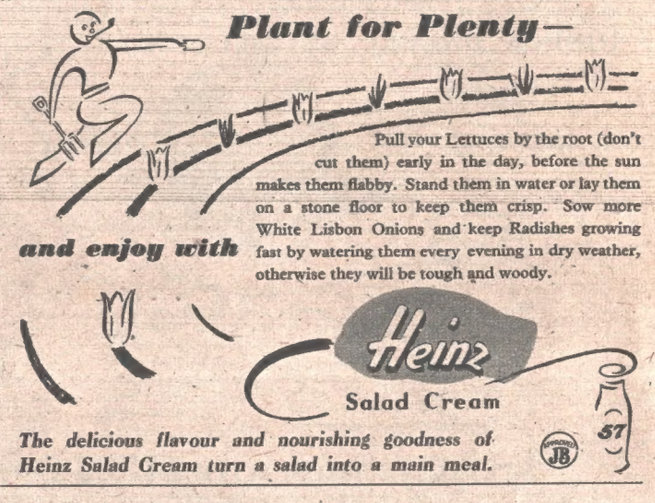
Remember the tennis hidings we got from the French and Americans? Until the rise of Bunny Austin and Fred Perry and their comrades.

It will be the same again if we have patience. Somewhere in Britain today are the boys and girls who will be the world-beaters of tomorrow.

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed] 3

There's no harm in asking!
There's great Satisfaction in getting
Dewar's "White Label" SCOTCH WHISKY
White Label
John Dewar & Sons

Max. retail prices 33/4 bot. 17/5 half bot. As fixed by The Scotch Whisky Assoc.



Pull your Lettuces by the root (don't cut them) early in the day, before the sun makes them flabby. Stand them in water or lay them on a stone floor to keep them crisp. Sow more White Lisbon Onions and keep Radishes growing fast by watering them every evening in dry weather, otherwise they will be tough and woody.

The delicious flavour and nourishing goodness of Heinz Salad Cream turn a salad into a main meal.

THANKS TO GOOD BRITISH FARMING

LET THE TOWNSMAN ponder the million separate miracles in a field of corn; each grain of barley brought to maturity by the nutriment of earth and sun. A good crop this year for Whitbread's maltings gives rich substance to Whitbread's brewing next year.

Beers brewed by WHITBREAD Naturally

- Sprayed surfaces remain fatal to flies for weeks.
- Ample D.D.T. makes death certain.
- Spray also gives 'instant' knock-down and quick kill.
- Ask for Cooper's Flyspray — not just D.D.T.

From all good Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores.

spray
COOPER'S

COOPER, McDOUGALL & ROBERTSON, LTD., BERKHAMSTED, HERTS.

Whenever Canned Salmon is about

LOOK TO Libby's FOR PERFECTION

Libby's 100 Famous Foods, including Salmon, Evaporated Milk, Corned Beef, Pears, Peaches, Pineapples, etc., are identified by the familiar Blue Triangle Label.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD

See what I've got!

Orchids? It's rare and precious Nescafé she's pleased about. Nescafé gives you a grand cup of coffee in an instant. Just put a spoonful in the cup, then add near-boiling water; no grounds, no bother. And it's always good, for that roaster-fresh aroma is sealed in until you add water.

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

39

HIDDEN DANGER OF INFECTED FEEDING BOTTLES

Doctors urge mothers to protect their babies from the danger of gastric infection (sickness and diarrhoea). Incompletely sterilized feeding bottles (*and teats*) are the hidden danger. They may *look* clean and yet be dangerously contaminated. Remove this risk to your baby's health by sterilizing bottle and teats the Milton way — safe, simple, economical and complete. *No boiling*, no cracking. Ask Chemist for full instructions leaflet.

STERILIZE THEM WITH MILTON

You can write with a Swan
a full lifetime of letters
and then hand it down
to your youngers and betters

★ Slide lever and lever-less from 21/- to 70/-, purchase tax extra. Showroom & Service Depot: 112 New Bond Street, London W.1. MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 79 PARK STREET LONDON W.1

SURE of a family welcome...

NEWFORGE Fine Foods

"THAT'S wonderful!" says dad. "Any more?" says Peggy as they dig into their tasty, nourishing Newforge Soup. Yes, it's grand soup, so skilfully cooked that the flavour and goodness of its carefully blended ingredients are yours in the time it takes to heat a can. Newforge Soups are 7½d. and 10d. a can. And don't forget—always ask your grocer what other Newforge Fine Foods he has available.

LOOK FOR THE BLUE LABEL

SAXA
the all purpose SALT

It's my BIG DAY

It started when I woke — with presents, now there's my party — with Jellies. Yes, Chivers — Mummy was clever to get them. I love Chivers Jellies, don't you?

CHIVERS JELLIES

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juice

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

RJ459

VIM — *the fastest smoothest cleaner!*

Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited

V 181-943

Look! The NEW UTILITY UNIT-FREE FURNITURE 24-month credit terms— prompt free delivery!

FREE! *Smarts photo-folio of all the lovely furniture now available to you. Also price list, details of credit terms and address of nearest branch.*

Mr./Mrs./Miss .....

Address .....

202E

SMARTS 19/23, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. *(Branches throughout Britain)*

NO WONDER NURSES QUIT!

by CLAUD MORRIS

The sergeant-major type of discipline, long hours, low pay: it's not surprising that one out of two girls gives up nursing after a short trial. And this at a time when the new Health Service needs thousands more to serve in our hospitals

One rare exception is King George V Hospital, Ilford, where nurses can really relax off duty

ACCORDING TO Molly and Judy, two nurses whom I met last Tuesday, Miss X has the temperament of a second-hand refrigerator. She is thick-skinned and thick-headed.

She is the matron of a large hospital. They call her "the powerhouse." In their lighter moments they remark that Miss X must have been there from the year dot. Somebody must have built the hospital around her.

Miss X sat there staring at me across a big desk when I walked in to see her. She cradled the telephone receiver on its hook with a businesslike click. "Well?"

I asked some questions about nursing. Was it a fact that out of every hundred nursing trainees, fifty-four quit before finishing their training course?

She admitted this to be so. Every year, of the ten thousand nurses going into hospitals, as many as 5,600 leave. In mental hospitals matters are worse. Over the past seven years the wastage of girl students has been as high as eighty-two per cent of each year's intake. In mental hospitals today there are three thousand vacant beds because of the nursing shortage.

In County and Municipal hospitals more than fifty thousand beds await nurses to attend them, while patients queue up outside.

"But why don't enough girls come in, or why don't those who come in stick at it?"

She gave me reasons, many reasons. Not every girl is suited to hospital life. Some who left could be described as "delicate," or hypersensitive. Others took on nursing in a vague wave of emotionalism and didn't like the business when it came down to bed pans and feeble, querulous voices demanding, "Nurse! Nurse!" Others liked "gadding about," and still others might be called "fast" and self-opinionated.

Something in the clean, odorized air of hospitals attracts girls out of love, girls out for a career, girls with a sense of service, and girls hoping to meet a doctor off duty. Naturally, said Miss X, many fell by the wayside.

I said: "I have just been talking to two of your student nurses here, and they've told me. . . ."

Miss X sat up as if stung. "And *who* gave them permission to talk?"

"Well," I parried, "these two are friends of mine. I'd be interested to hear what you have to say about their story."

Were Officers in the Services

This is their story. Three months ago Molly and Judy worked in offices. Molly holds herself rather nicely, with confidence, and the total effect of Molly is one of spryness and good grooming. Judy is pretty in a sharp, high-voltage sort of way, thin and intense and quick.

Both spent the war in the Services. Both had been officers—and good ones. Both felt they wanted to learn something about medicine, penicillin, streptomycin, and lots of strange names.

It was an old hospital, and the place certainly looked its age. One of the first things Judy spotted was a faded notice pinned to a board. Dated 1890, the notice reminded young ladies that straw hats should be worn in June.

When they went to the nursing school for initial training the matron came down to read the rules. As nurses, they were told, they should regard the profession as they would regard an army. The matron should be looked upon as commander-in-chief, the sisters as officers, the staff nurses as N.C.O.s, and the probationers as privates.

Comment by the two girls: "The senior staff certainly don't behave like N.C.O.s The N.C.O.s we knew in the Forces were supposed to *win* respect."

And the two girls were asked to accept this rule: "Nurses and probationers must give obedience to sisters. No answering back under apparent provocation."

On the first day there was a medical check-up. "My footwork is good, and my wind sound," laughed Molly to the sister. "Don't be facetious!" answered the sister, and directed her to her place.

The rule about seniority is inflexible. Any nurse meeting a nurse senior in rank should stand to attention. There has actually been a case of two sisters, discouraged from speaking to one another because one of them wore two stripes.

They tell me you can take a lot in a big hospital—the rudeness, the crowding, the pushing, the poor pay, the long hours. But what you can't take is a bad spirit. If Molly was spotted doing nothing, a senior nurse walked up to her and gave an order.

Not content with one order, the senior nurse often made four or five. "Go and clean the basins in the ward, and after you have done that wash the tea things. And then go down to Ward B and tell Nurse Smith to lend us three thermometers."

This is confusing. Molly forgets, occasionally, what she has to do next. She is prepared to take the rap for the mistakes she makes, but doesn't like the persistent ticking off over smaller details.

"I guess," she says wryly, "I haven't yet got an ignition system to keep going all day under these conditions."

Molly and Judy live in a hostel. Both girls asked the matron whether they might have adjoining rooms. When enlisting they had pointed out this desire to stay together, and the authorities agreed.

Instead, what happens? In this hostel Molly sleeps on the first floor and Judy on the fourth. Yet next door to each is a vacant room.

The rooms themselves are clean, comfortable and neat (no complaints) but very small—big enough, Molly remarks, for two thin people to sit in.

Many girls join the nursing profession with friends. One girl suddenly found her friend moved to a suburban hospital. So in she went to the matron.

The matron looked her over. "It is impossible for you to move," she said. "In any case, I am not certain you are settled here yet."

And So She "Absconded"

The next week this girl handed in her resignation. The matron called her to the office, surprised. She tried to be conciliatory. "I shall be sorry to lose you," she said. "Now if you really want to go with your friend I think I can let you."

The girl eyed her thoughtfully. "No, thank you, Matron," she said. "It's too late now." And she showed no signs of contrition. She just waltzed away.

You don't leave a hospital, of course. They write it down in the records that you "abscond"—a very outdated and slightly condescending word which about rates a girl with a petty thief.

Meals are served hurriedly. At breakfast (6.50 a.m.) Molly and Judy get a kipper some days, baked beans on others. They get an egg once a week, and point out that this has been during a period when people outside have been getting three a week on the ration book. Where are the missing eggs?

The bread every morning is stale and hard, and the girls say loaves are bought cheaply from hotels which sell second- and third-day bread to hospitals.

Lunch on the day I saw them was stew, four bits of meat, each about the size of a penny. They queued for it. Dished out on the plate beside it was a bit of watery cabbage which, as the girls remark, might easily have been drained before serving. On Fridays they get fried fish, which they describe as chiefly skin and bone.

They call these lunches "delayed action food."

On one Tuesday afternoon there were tarts for tea for the patients. "When are we getting tarts?" they asked the sister.

The sister turned. "Ah," she said, "we are keeping tarts for you for the weekend."

The tarts eventually reached the nurses, five days late and at least a week stale.

As probationer nurses, Molly and Judy get a pound a week (about fivepence an hour), paid monthly. But how many girls can budget four pounds to last a month? In many cases a girl is broke after the second week of the month. The high cost of living makes Molly and Judy walk a tightrope between the hostel and the hospital. Some bus conductors let

them ride free in the early morning. The only shopping they can afford is window shopping.

At pay parade the matron sits behind her desk eyeing each girl carefully as she comes forward. There is a slight air of condescension as four pounds is handed over.

"It's as though we were being tipped, not paid," said Judy, her temper beginning to slip the leash. "Why don't they put the money under our breakfast plates, and do the job properly!"

As ex-Service girls, these two are better off than the average. The Government allows each an ex-Service grant of £1 13s. a month.

"You are lucky, you know," a sister reminded them. "And you have an amateur rating as a nurse," she said. "Remember that."

Molly said, as she walked away: "Yes, and I take money for it, too. Amateur money, of course."

There have been stories of girls in hospitals doing menial work. A third of Molly and Judy's time is taken up by dusting, cleaning the lockers, making teas and breakfast, cleaning basins. There are maids to do such jobs, of course, but the girls have the theory that the matrons are afraid to push too much work on the maids (who get £10 a month and live in) in case the maids walk off in a huff.

Next, there is the persistent, irritating issue of "time off." Hours of duty are from 7.30 a.m. to 10 a.m. (then a three-hour break in which the nurse is expected to eat lunch, wash clothes, study or take a walk for "exercise") and 1 p.m. till 8 p.m. (with half an hour for tea). By eight at night the girls are ready for nothing except to take a deep drag at a cigarette and go to bed.

Once a week they get a day off. And the officials have not yet summoned up enough imagination to let both girls have the same day together.

Clothes present a problem. Although the girls are specially measured, the uniforms don't fit. When first sent to the laundry both these girls' uniforms came back two inches short.

Sack for Wearing Pullovers

There are inspections, of course. Judy tells me the story of one London hospital where, in the cold weather, a matron inspector came in and found the girls wearing pullovers under their aprons to keep out the cold. She took the matter up with the Nursing Council. Result: not warmer hospital quarters, but twenty-five student nurses kicked out.

In Molly and Judy's hospital, recently, they have formed a Nurses' Council (one result of the last inquiry into nursing conditions) with the idea that girls can make complaints. They do. These complaints are taken up to the matron, and then sent on, after examination, to the Board of Governors. But little real action appears to be taken to meet grievances.

Judy, for one, felt she had almost had enough of it when I saw her on Tuesday. That morning she had still acted the part of a nurse in deadly earnest, but at three thirty in the afternoon she felt hungry. A patient had given her a piece of cake. It doesn't do, of course, to be seen eating between meal times. She hurried along to the bathroom, with the idea of locking the door and downing her cake. She was stopped by a sister. "What are you doing with that cake? Where are you going?" The reprimand was fierce.

Judy suddenly felt convinced that by now her private life had disappeared, all mixed up with her professional duties, and heading for a grand smash.

She walked out along the quarter mile of the hospital's long corridor, with its smell of Dettol, cooking and ether all combined. She went out and walked the streets. She walked for a long time—along streets she didn't know and might not know again. Finally in Regent's Park she sat down and thought it out for herself. Well, to go home or go back?

She thought of the patients, whom she regards as "the best part of the whole business," and many of whom have a surprising gratitude to British hospitals, for very little done.

And she went back. The best girls often do. But don't forget the two out of four who in similar circumstances quit in a huff, for good, and if only they had been persuaded to stay could solve the nursing crisis in our hospitals.

That evening I presented my story to the matron.

"I know about these matters, of course," said Miss X. "But look for a moment at my own difficulties. We want thirty-five more nurses in this hospital alone. Remember, I have been through all this once myself. Remember, when you hear criticism of ward sisters, that many of these women are tremendously over-tired, looking after as many as twenty-eight beds in a single ward, for ten hours at a stretch. I hope we shall improve things now that the new Health Act has started. Perhaps we shall."

The difficulties of nursing are all there, as outlined by the matron. They could not be more obvious if they were illuminated by neon tubes. But the total cost of sickness in Britain is about £300,000,000 a year. The value of work lost through sickness is £100,000,000. What reduction in this loss would result through an increase in nursing strength?

"I went through it, so should you," is not the attitude which will attract and keep nurses.

More than half the hospital staffs are between twenty and thirty. These girls are young, smart, and none of the weightiest problems in the world interests them. As a generation they have grown up to recognize and demand independence, dances and a good time. Nine in ten of these girls are single and, like Molly and Judy, regard nursing as a profession that has no more right than any other job to interfere excessively with personal life.

"Many of the girls, remember, are full of wrong motives," the matron had said.

No, Miss X, not full of wrong, or bad, motives. They are simply full of bad feelings.

The senior staff of our hospitals (mostly women over forty) argue that staff shortage makes reform difficult and almost impossible. Molly and Judy, and thousands of girls like them (mostly under twenty-five), argue the reverse.

Take away the pettiness, they say, and the atmosphere of snobbery, get a new 1948 outlook in our hospitals, and there could soon be no shortage of the thirty thousand trained nurses we need in this country to make the Health Act work.

What we nurses really want

by EVELYN HUNTLEY

I HAVE BEEN A NURSE for many years. I have lived with nurses, worked with them, listened to their grievances, grumbled and rebelled with them—and have been humiliated with them. So I think I may lay claim to know something about nurses and their conditions.

I have had the opportunity of seeing for myself why nurses leave hospital.

For one thing, many sisters, and particularly staff nurses, appear to forget, as soon as they don the "blue belt," that they were once juniors. A nurse, just starting in hospital, can have her life made a hell, should she come in contact with these fearful women, and alas she cannot avoid them.

Most hospitals now have preliminary training schools. My hospital had one. We spent three months doing nothing but lectures and studying. *Everyone was very nice to us.* Our lives were smooth and placid.

Came the day when we finished our three months. Now we entered the wards. What a shock! We couldn't work fast enough for our seniors. The work didn't worry us. The seniors did. Nag, nag, nag, the whole day through.

Nurses are not allowed to carry on in their own way. They are interfered with, stopped in the middle of a job and sent to do another. Then bullied because the first job isn't finished. A man in an office, a girl behind a counter or in a factory would not put up with one tenth of what a young nurse has to endure.

Then They Go Job-searching

It is estimated that 5,000 nurses a year pass their final examination, and get their blue belt. Once they have passed their Final, the hospital is no longer interested in them, except the non-training schools. They are bound to leave the hospital to make room for further students. They must seek their own jobs, and, while there is a varied selection to choose from, there are in fact more nurses than jobs.

The overall shortage is not in trained staff but untrained. A nurse who is fully qualified will not do the menial work.

If newly-trained nurses are unable to get a job in a hospital they turn to private nursing. This means living on your savings while becoming known. A doctor will know many nurses and should he require one he will choose one he knows rather than a new one.

And so, to ease matters, you join a Co-op. This is an agency for getting work for nurses. Some are quite good.

Writing as a nurse who has been through the mill, Mrs. Evelyn Huntley, S.R.N., suggests practical ways of easing staff shortage

Some make their money by the sweat of the nurse's brow.

These agencies operate in two ways. Either they pay a salary and employ the nurse, or they charge a commission on the nurse's fee. *They* charge the fee, not the nurse, though people often complain: "These private nurses. Really, their charges are extortionate!"

On a salary basis, a nurse gets £130 a year (say) and her food. The agency must keep her while she's not working. Fair enough. But they see to it that she is *always* working. As soon as one case is over, she is bundled off to another. As against her £130 a year, the agency may charge five to six guineas weekly for her services.

On a commission basis, a nurse's fees are somewhat higher. She may get four or five guineas weekly. The Co-op. takes twenty per cent (sometimes it may be as low as ten per cent) of her fee *every week that she works.* A domestic servant getting a job from an agency pays the agency an initial rake-off. That is all. But a nurse goes on paying ten or twenty per cent of her fee every week that she works in an agency job.

I have said that qualified nurses will not do menial jobs. This is the "pro's" job. Supposing a hospital can't get enough "pro's"? The dirty work must be done. Who by? The assistant nurse.

The assistant nurse never had proper recognition as a nurse from the General Nursing Council until quite recently. She might be charge nurse of a ward under a sister and work in the same ward for twenty years, but she could never hope to become a sister.

And she wasn't able to sit for any examinations. Training schools are staffed by probationers, staff nurses and sisters. Assistant nurses are not required.

Discord Over a Label

Then a year or so ago, the Minister of Health ordered that no woman should use the title "Nurse" unless she was qualified. The G.N.C. was forced to recognize the assistant nurse at last, and opened a roll of assistant nurses. The National Association of Assistant Nurses wanted the word "Assistant" to be eliminated. But the State Registered nurses do not agree to this, although they have all the advantages the assistant nurse has not.

Although the assistant nurse has perhaps had a life-long experience of nursing elderly and senile people she may *not* open or be in charge of any home for elderly people. Only a State Registered nurse may do this.

Here are some general suggestions for relieving the shortage of nurses in hospitals:

Stop nagging. Allow nurses to "air" their complaints. Find them suitable posts after qualification, instead of nurses having to find their own. And what about a pension scheme?

Watch the agencies and Co-ops. Do not allow them to live on nurses' earnings. Make the agencies charge only a single payment for finding a nurse a job instead of continuing to levy a charge each week.

Have a Central Reserve of Nurses. Send nurses to hospitals all over the country. At present some hospitals have a long waiting list while others have to close down.

Eliminate the word "Assistant." These women are either nurses or they are not. If they are, why "Assistant"?

Encourage married women with children to return to nursing. Let them help from ten till four while their children are at school.

Nurses are honourable workers and can be trusted to do their work without continual interference. Let us make nursing a truly distinguished career.

STALIN LOOKS SOUTH

by FALI DARUVALA

Red Army tank crew fraternizes with natives in Port Dalny, Southern Manchuria, now a Communist "vassal state"

The Russian octopus is busy not only in Europe. Tentacles at work in Asia may threaten the Empire, says an Indian expert

SINKIANG IS THE unfamiliar name of a remote place. It is the vast westernmost province of China, perched above Tibet, running down to Kashmir, fringed to the north and west by Russia and Russia's puppet state of Mongolia.

Today, it is disturbed and threatened. Its frontiers are bulging inwards; its interior is being eaten away by Communist intrigue. For it is not in the west alone that Russia is active. Nor in the Far East, where Manchuria and Outer Mongolia have become stepping stones to the further invasion of China.

Stalin looks also south and south-east, to India, the historic prey of Russia, and even to Australia and New Zealand beyond. With the British out of India and Burma, the balance of power in South-East Asia is no longer constant. Communism is already stirring up trouble in Burma and Malaya. But the steady, intensive drive must begin farther north.

It has begun in Sinkiang.

Echo of the Tsars

China and Afghanistan were the oldest victims of Tsarist Russia's land-grabbing policy, which Soviet Russia still pursues. Today, Afghanistan has its Communist "minorities." They form a little Sudetenland which may any day blossom into an autonomous republic under Soviet control.

Even deeper inroads have been made into China. Manchuria and Outer Mongolia have already become vassal states. In this implacable drive there can be no excuse of "strengthening defences against hostile powers." This is plain expansion at the expense of the weak.

Today new roads and air routes are penetrating the hitherto inaccessible Pamirs to bring Russia right on to Kashmir's doorstep.

In Outer Mongolia, the ruling prince is in a more subservient position to Moscow than the Indian princes were to Whitehall. They at least controlled their own internal affairs.

The Mongolian prince, travelling periodically to Moscow with his princess, returns with impressive tales of lavish banquets given in his honour by Stalin himself in the dazzling setting of the Kremlin's new imperialism. But his country is really governed by the local secretary of the Communist Party; Soviet equipment and machinery flood the republic; soon, like its northern province, Tannu Tuva, it may be completely absorbed within the Soviet Union.

And so the noose is tightening.

Russians Are Staying

The war brought the Russians into Sinkiang and they are staying. Allied military aid to China passed through Sinkiang. The air service to Chungking also passed that way. Soviet engineers are busy exploiting the oil wells at Wusu, some seventy miles from the capital.

The sons of Sinkiang officials, encouraged to study at Tashkent, the cultural and industrial centre of Central Asia, return enthusiastically imbued with Marxist precepts which they are impatient to apply.

China has held Sinkiang since 100 B.C. —and has kept it in cold storage ever since. She was content to see the fabulous gold deposits of the Altai mountains mined on a one-man spade-and-shovel basis. She let the vital railway from Nanking splutter out in the Gobi Desert. She neglected Sinkiang's oil resources.

The oil, the gold and the railways, if developed, could today be helping to cure China's problems of poverty and over-population. Yet Sinkiang remains what Alaska and California were before the gold-rush.

The Soviet Union is not making the same mistake. Soviet lorries bring equipment, textiles and machinery in return for Sinkiang's wool, tungsten and tung oil.

Sinkiang's wealth is estimated at thirty-eight million tons of anthracite, 238 million tons of iron, an equal amount of lead, and 1,050 square kilometres of some of the finest oil in the world. She has the finest jade mines; she has the meat and hide of fifteen million sheep, two million horses and goats.

On the other side of the border, Stalin, assisted—ironically—by American engineers, developed agriculture, industry, gold, copper and lead mines. Silk and cotton mills and chemical works mushroomed in the Soviet Central Asian republics during the war, when factories, workers, children and even schools were evacuated from the threatened west.

Fifty-seven power stations, drawing on the hydro-electric potential of the Pamirs, light up the towns and cities of Central Asia. New canals—the thirty-mile Ferghana was built in a month—have turned arid desert into food and cotton.

By ancient Samarkand, Bokhara and Tashkent, with their crumbling blue-tiled mosques, sunless alleys and tottering houses, there sprang up the new Samarkand, Bokhara and Tashkent, neon-dazzled, boisterous and bustling, with ancient chaikhanes beside modern pavement cafés, their raucous radios blaring out the "new culture."

In near-border towns, Moscow-voiced local *Pravdas* patter ceaseless comments on the fate awaiting Kashmir, on the shortcomings in India, on the mistakes of Pakistan.

Russia has in her favour an immense, untiring propaganda machine, yet her drive to the south is meeting opposition.

Iran's border tussle has been prolonged and stubborn. In Afghanistan the ten million Muslims have watched with distrust the Soviet methods of taming Islam in Central Asia—liquidating the Mullahs or sending them to the mines, and using mosques for cotton storage. Afghanistan, largely undeveloped, is anxious to press ahead with her industrial and irrigation plans.

But she need not look to Russia alone for help. Her exports of sheepskins to America provide her with an extremely favourable dollar balance.

A Marshall Aid Plan?

Neither India, where caste-conscious Hindus look askance at classlessness, nor Muslim Pakistan is a fruitful field for Communism. At the moment both are safe from direct pressure; the problem is only a minor one of internal agitation.

But if Sinkiang, six times the size of Great Britain, falls to the Soviet, the wave of Russian expansion will be beating along the whole length of India's northern wall.

What Sinkiang needs urgently, together with Kashmir, Afghanistan and Iran, is expert Western attention and guidance, and even some form of Marshall aid. Natural resources must be probed by teams of geologists and new undertakings set up to raise the living standards and offset the constantly-plugged "new culture" of the Soviets across the borders.

Sinkiang is remote, unknown, scarcely even a name on the map to many of us. Yet it is only ten years since we made the fatal mistake of refusing assistance in "a quarrel in a far-away country between people of whom we know nothing."

If we make the same mistake again, this time it may be India, Australia and New Zealand who will have to pay the price.

Sinkiang, rich and unexploited treasure land, is buffer state between Russia, China and India. It's far away but we must get interested in it

"Out of the way!" yelled the admiral. A strange, obstinate look came in Jackett's eye

An Elephant for the Admiral

The admiral's arrival in the village caused a stir. But that was nothing to the stir when the elephant arrived

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

NOBODY knew why the Admiral came to live in our village. He had no roots there and did not know a soul. But he came all the same, to occupy Major Cracker's old house.

It was in the early years of the century, and I must have been about eight or nine. Only a few months before, the papers had been full of exciting diagrams of the new battleship *Dreadnought*.

"This will shake Germany," said my father. He was always finding things in the paper that would shake the Germans or the French or the Americans.

The *Dreadnought*, as every boy in the land was aware, had adopted the revolutionary new steam turbines. She could make nineteen knots, and her fearsome twelve-inch guns were reliably guaranteed to give Britain unchallenged supremacy for all time.

"Some of those old admirals had better watch out," said my father sagely. "There'll be a clean-out in Whitehall all right. The *Dreadnought* has made everything obsolete now."

But when a few months later, Hatchard, the village constable, told us that an admiral was coming to live, I never connected it with the advent of the *Dreadnought*.

Looking back now, I suppose he cannot have been a very good admiral. But at that time no such heresy entered my head, and, if it had, it would soon have been clouted out by my elder brother Edwin or the other boys in the village.

The old house was at the far end of the village. It was a large, decrepit place, with a barn attached. Major Cracker had died long before we were born, but it was still known as Cracker's old house. Hedges had grown round the house, and stood untrimmed about eight feet high, sprawling over the gate and hiding the ground-floor windows from the street.

There had always been something adventurous and exciting about the house, and to all the boys in the village it seemed absolutely right that the admiral should have chosen it of all the houses in England to come and live in.

THE day the admiral arrived it poured with rain and none of us boys was allowed out of doors.

All day we waited, eager to get out, but the rain kept on relentlessly.

Next morning the sun streaming in through our bedroom window awakened me. It must have been about six o'clock. I roused Edwin and we set out to make an early reconnaissance of the admiral's new home.

We walked all round it. A wisp of smoke was coming out of one chimney, but apart from this nothing seemed to have changed. I parted the straggling hedge over the gate and tried to peer through.

Suddenly, an arm snaked through the wet foliage and grasped my ear in a hard, painful grip. I saw a large, ugly face not a foot away through the hedge.

I yelped. Edwin, beside me, summed up the situation in a flash and bolted.

"A boy!" said the face with a frightful leer. "Bless me, if it ain't a boy! *Ah!*"

That "Ah" chilled my blood. I was petrified and quite unable to speak. Before I was able even to think of escaping, two brawny arms had parted the hedge, grasped my shoulders and hauled me through.

I stood in the admiral's front garden and looked up at a tall, lean man with a face like a mastiff, long, creased and leathery. He was wearing a short-sleeved, neckless naval shirt. A pair of rolled-up bell-bottoms exposed his bare feet. He took hold of my ear again and looked down at me, his head on one side.

"You'll do," he said, in a thick, rumbling voice. "You know what the admiral and me does with young boys?"

I stared at him, speechless.

"We 'as their brains on toast. Boys' brains is very good on toast. Dash of pepper, pinch of salt. Soft 'eaded boys is best," he added, gazing at my head like a connoisseur. "And yours is one of the softest 'eads I've ever seen. What a breakfast we're going to 'ave with them brains!"

I gave a long, pent-up sob. It had been coming for some time.

Now I just stood and bawled, while the great, lean man looked down at me and licked his lips.

SUDDENLY, a window shot open above us. "What in blazes is going on below there?" a voice roared. The hold on my ear was immediately released and a huge, horny hand was clapped over my mouth.

A fat, bearded face appeared at the upstairs window. "What's happening? Who's making that infernal row, Jackett?"

"A boy, sir," said the sailor. He had straightened up to attention.

"A boy? I can see it's a boy, you great oaf. What's he doing there?"

"Trying to break in, sir."

"Well throw him out, and stop that racket."

The window shut abruptly, and the sailor relaxed his rigid stance.

"Stop that blubbering, you silly young monkey," he said. "Blow your stoopid nose and stop that row. You 'eard what 'Orace said."

I blew. "Was that the admiral?" I

Continued on page 10

Behind the Scenes of Famous Trials (4)

HE HANGED HIMSELF

Mancini stabbed a man to death in a gambling club. At his trial he staked all in the biggest gamble of his life—and he lost

by C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS

IF EVER A MAN hanged himself, that man was Antonio Mancini, who was tried at the Old Bailey in the summer of 1941 before Mr. Justice Macnaghten for the murder of Harry (alias "Hubby," alias "Scarface") Distleman in a gambling club in Wardour Street, in the West End of London.

Had Mancini consented to plead guilty to manslaughter—which in the unusual circumstances of the case might well have carried with it no more than a short sentence of imprisonment — the judge and the prosecution would probably have allowed the graver charge to be dropped. But Mancini, hoping to escape all punishment, chose to risk everything by pleading not guilty to any offence.

He lost his gamble, and the stake was his life.

Opening the prosecution case, Mr. G. B. McClure told the jury that the facts he proposed to prove were that Mancini, who was the manager of a bottle party (that interesting device for providing drinks after public houses and restaurants close) in the basement of a house in Wardour Street, had been concerned in a fight in another club upstairs in the same building during the small hours of May 1 and, in the course of it, had stabbed Distleman so severely that the latter died almost as soon as he could be taken down to the street, where the police found his body propped up against a shop window.

Mr. McClure admitted that some of the witnesses he was going to call from the club to speak of what had happened that night would be men of disreputable character, whose statements ought not to be accepted except after the closest scrutiny.

Indeed, said counsel, when they had heard all the evidence, the jury might feel that the prisoner had been provoked into the struggle which ended in Distleman's death, and they might feel justified in acquitting him on the murder charge and finding him guilty of manslaughter instead.

The first witness was a gentleman whose real name was Nicolo Cariello and who, under the less romantic title of "Joe Leon," carried on the Palm Beach Bottle Party at 37 Wardour Street, with Mancini as his manager. He said that a man named Fletcher had been barred from the bottle party because he had had a fight with its doorkeeper, and that Distleman, who was a friend of Fletcher's, had complained to Mancini about this on the evening of the knifing.

The point of this evidence was to show that Mancini was acquainted with Distleman and Fletcher, and not on the best of terms with them.

Then Fletcher himself—his real name was Fleischer, and he had also been convicted in the name of Franks—was called to say that, shortly after midnight the same night, he was involved in a fight in the upstairs club, which rejoiced in the name of the "West End Bridge and Billiards Club," with a man named Colette; he himself was hit on the head and taken to the Charing Cross Hospital by his friend Distleman. Mancini was not present on this occasion.

The Fatal Affray

After a couple of stitches had been inserted, Fletcher said, he and his crony Distleman returned to the club about half-past three to fetch his overcoat. Colette started to hit him again, this time with a life-preserver and a broken billiard cue, and, while he was trying to defend himself, Mancini suddenly appeared, brushed past him and attacked Distleman with a long knife like a stiletto.

Then Mancini turned back on Fletcher and slashed at him three or four times with the same weapon, cutting his wrist badly.

Fletcher shouted: "My hand is off; take him away!" and was then conducted for the second time that night to Charing Cross Hospital; this time he remained there for some two months as an in-patient.

Mancini's defence was in the hands of Mr. Hector Hughes, K.C., and Mr. Frederick Levy. From the very beginning they made clear what Mancini's defence was: he was going to claim that he had acted solely in self-defence, which would entitle him to a complete acquittal.

It was important, therefore, to suggest that Distleman and his friends were dangerous characters, and Mr. Hughes at once asked Fletcher to admit that he was a professional criminal. This distinction the witness modestly disclaimed, but he admitted that he had been convicted nine times of various offences of dishonesty, though only once for violence. He agreed that the cause of the original row in the club was that Colette and others had come to smash it up.

A police officer testified that he found Distleman's penknife open by his side as he lay dead in the street, and a billiard ball in his pocket: the defence took this to mean that Distleman was using these articles as weapons, but the prosecution hinted that they might have been placed where they were found after the killing.

His Version to Police

Then Chief Inspector Thorp of Scotland Yard told of Mancini's visiting him in the evening of May 1 and saying: "I admit stabbing Fletcher with a long dagger which I found on the floor of the club but I don't admit doing Hubby Distleman. Why should I do him? They threatened me as I came up the stairs and I got panicky. . . ."

He then made a signed statement in which he said he went upstairs from the bottle party "to see the extent of the damage caused by the smash-up I had been told about. As I was going upstairs, I heard somebody behind me say: 'There's Babe,' meaning me; 'let's knife him.'"

Then, in the club itself: "Fletcher saw me and made for me with a raised chair. I realized he was going to strike me with it, and at that moment I saw a knife on the floor. It was a dagger type of knife coming to a point. I picked it up to defend myself and struck him with it in the arm."

As for Distleman: "I do not remember seeing Hubby Distleman from the time he entered the club with Fletcher."

But, when he was charged next day with the murder of Distleman, Mancini said: ". . . The bit about finding the dagger on the floor of the club is wrong. I had it with me, with a bit of rag wrapped round the blade."

In cross-examination the chief inspector stated that Distleman had been convicted six times for assault, but would not agree that he was "particularly tough."

Mancini elected to give evidence on oath and went into the witness box. This was a very dangerous move, but he could not avoid it if his gamble was to have a chance of succeeding. It had not been disputed on his behalf that he had knifed Distleman and caused his death—and this with a dagger which, on second thoughts, he had admitted carrying about with him—but there was still confusion about the exact circumstances in which the blow had been struck.

Had Mancini left well alone and not given evidence on oath he would in all probability have been convicted only of manslaughter. Few juries would have been likely to hold that the charge of murder had been proved against him beyond reasonable doubt.

But, if he wished to go scot free—and he did—he had to persuade the jury that he had acted in self-defence and, to achieve this result, he had to ask them to accept his account of the incident.

By going into the witness box he exposed himself to cross-examination by the prosecution; and that is where his gamble went wrong.

He told the jury that "Fletcher struck Colette, who had his back to a billiard table. I went towards Fletcher to prevent any further attacking. Somebody grabbed hold of me by the shoulder and struck me a blow in the face. I turned round. I saw 'Little Hubby'" — this was Distleman — "coming at me with a knife. Fletcher

Scarface Distleman: six convictions, but "not particularly tough"

at that time had a broken cue in his hand, also coming at me. I was terrified, panicky. I had a knife in my right-hand trouser pocket. I drew it and struck out blindly, hitting a person. There was much pushing and struggling."

This so affected him, he went on, that he hurried to the bar to drink a cup of tea to steady his nerves! "Fletcher came at me, picked up a chair. I drew the knife, I stuck it out to frighten him; I must have caught his arm."

Mr. McClure quickly demolished this story in cross-examination. Mancini had to admit that he had never before at any time said a word about Distleman attacking him with a knife.

Surely, Mr. McClure suggested, if there were any truth at all in that allegation it would have been the first thing to tell the police.

This in itself must have been enough to convince the jury that Mancini was lying, but Mr. McClure's next questions clinched the matter. It is one of the many defects of our jury system that jurors tend to convict any defendant whom they know to have a previous record of convictions, and, largely for this reason, they are usually not allowed to hear his past before they have returned their verdict.

There is, however, an exception to this rule: if a prisoner attacks the character of prosecution witnesses, it is permissible for his own record to be put to him.

Now in this case Mancini had brought out Fletcher's past convictions, as well as those of several other prosecution witnesses; so Mr. McClure was entitled to remind him of his own career. He had to agree that he had been convicted six years previously of "using a knife on another man." That was damning.

And he agreed also that he had been carrying the long, pointed knife about in his trouser pocket for several weeks before Distleman's death. He sought to explain this by saying that he was afraid of being attacked by people like Fletcher.

If this were true, Mr. McClure asked, why did he (on his own story) go upstairs and quite unnecessarily butt into a row in which Fletcher was already involved?

Death Sentence: Then Delay

By the time Mancini left the witness box, he had destroyed any hope of escaping conviction for murder. His account was too palpably false; his explanations were too grimly revealing.

The jury took only an hour to bring in their verdict, and the judge sentenced him to death.

What followed was fun for lawyers, but hell for Mancini in the condemned cell. The first three judges who sat in the Court of Criminal Appeal found one legal point raised by Mr. Hughes so difficult that they decided to convene a full court of five judges.

These in due course dismissed the appeal, but the Attorney-General certified that the point of law was of such exceptional public interest that it ought to be decided by the House of Lords, to which tribunal it was eventually taken.

The point at issue was: to what extent should a judge instruct a jury in his summing-up on a question of manslaughter when the defence has not relied on it? The Lords eventually dismissed the appeal thirteen weeks and five days after the end of the trial. Whereupon Mancini, now shattered in nerve and spirit, was duly hanged.

Many people had hoped that, in view of the long delay and the somewhat chequered course of the case, his life would be spared and his sentence commuted to a long term of penal servitude.

It is certain that one wholly unanticipated result of the Mancini case was to turn a number of people into opponents of capital punishment: the protracted mental torture of a condemned man was too much to stomach.

AN ELEPHANT FOR THE ADMIRAL

Continued from page 8

asked the sailor. He answered diffidently: "That's right."

"Is his name Orris?"

"'Orace it is."

"Has he got a wooden leg?"

"'E's got a wooden 'ead."

"Has he really?"

"A real wooden one?" asked Edwin through the hedge.

"That's my brother," I told the sailor. "Can he come in?"

"'Op it, the pair of you," said the sailor. He grasped a broom lying against the hedge. "I've got work to do."

"Can we come back later and see the admiral?" I asked.

"Come back to tea if you like," he said. "The King's dropping in for a cup."

"No! Can we really?"

"Course," he said. "Four o'clock sharp."

We sped away and kept our secret to ourselves. All day we maintained an air of remarkable *sang froid* before the other boys.

At four o'clock we walked down to the old house.

"Golly!" said Edwin as we turned the street and came in sight of the house. "He must be huge. Look."

Above the eight-foot high hedge we could see the admiral's head, with its trim naval beard. He was cutting the hedge with a pair of shears. As we drew near, we could see he was smoking a thin green cheroot.

"Good afternoon, sir," we said.

"Eh? What's that?" the admiral said. He gazed sternly down at us from his great height behind the hedge.

"We've come to tea, sir."

The admiral took his cheroot from his mouth and gazed blankly at us.

"The devil you have. And who the blazes asked you? Who are you, eh?"

"Has the King come yet?" I asked.

"Is your head really made of wood?" Edwin said.

"What's the boy talking about?" the admiral muttered irritably. "Jackett!" he bawled, and turned round. Then he seemed to go crazy. He clutched wildly at the hedge and suddenly disappeared from view. There was a crash, a heavy thump, and the admiral began to curse.

We peered through the hedge. The admiral was flat on his back, very red in the face, and by his side was an upturned pair of steps. He was a small, incredibly fat man.

"Jackett!" roared the admiral. "Jackett, you pudding-headed blackguard, where are you? Come here at once, you half-witted oaf!"

The front door opened and Jackett came padding out. He grasped the admiral's shoulders and lifted him to his feet.

The admiral continued cursing. Suddenly he turned and saw our faces peering interestedly through the hedge.

"Who are these boys, Jackett?"

"Don't know, sir," said Jackett stolidly.

"Well find out, you fool, and clear them away."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jackett.

The admiral stumped into the house.

"What about our tea?" asked Edwin.

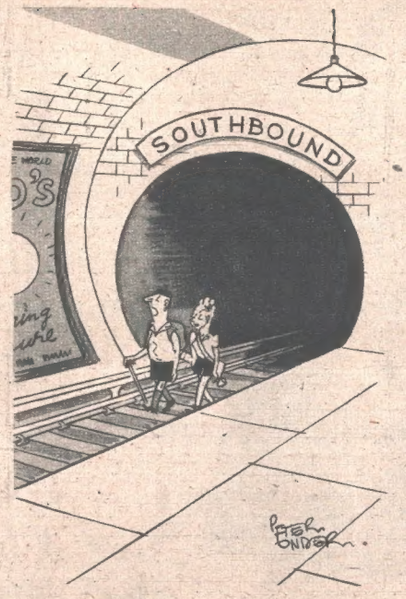
"Kettle's boiling now," said Jackett, his ugly face smiling pleasantly. "Come in, boys."

We pushed open the gate and stepped in. Instantly, Jackett grasped our ears in his vice-like grip. "Now listen 'ere, you young monkeys, are you goin' to make trouble for me every minute?"

With every word he gave our ears a furious wrench. We howled. "Pipe down!" he hissed, and released them.

"You asked us to tea," said Edwin.

"Gawd love us!" said Jackett. He turned his eyes to heaven. "Of all the green little stoopids I ever met. You ain't safe to walk about, you ain't."



"Pity the weather's so unreliable"

"Do you mean you were joking?" I asked.

"I told you the King was coming too," said Jackett.

We gazed at each other, grateful that we had told no one. My eyes welled with tears of disappointment.

"Now don't start that snuffling again!" Jackett warned. "'Ere." He gave me a huge red handkerchief. "That was captured off a Rooshian," he said, "that there rag."

It was a fascinating story, one of many he was to tell us as the spring wore on into summer. Jackett's stories were all of the fighting in the Crimea, which he had missed, or of the Boxer risings and the Sudan, which he had not. They were spiced with wonderful names like the Straits of Genitchi, the Sea of Azoff, the joss-house at Tientsin.

As for the admiral, his great passion was the hedge. Trimming the huge, overgrown foliage constituted his work for the day. He had sheared it down to a height of about three or four feet, leaving in the centre a patch of about four feet across at its original height. This he now began to shape into a ship. He laboured long and lovingly at it from the top of the pair of steps.

One summer afternoon we heard the postman calling excitedly to a passer-by: "We're goin' to 'ave a blessed elephant."

The admiral laid down his shears for a moment. "Well, my man," he said. "Got the newspapers?"

"Not 'alf I 'aven't," said the postman. "You're in the news, sir. Read it for yourself. Rajah of Maidanpore arrives in England. Intends to see his old friend Admiral Sir 'Orace Blacklock. Bringin' 'im a gift of an elephant."

"Good God!" said the admiral, muttering over the paragraph to himself. "What on earth am I going to do with a confounded elephant?"

The newspapers lost no time in finding out where the admiral lived, and one photographer took a graphic picture of the admiral brandishing a pair of shears at him over his hedge. The rajah sent a special emissary down to the village to acquaint the admiral formally with the fact of his presence in London, and within a week he had arrived himself.

As there was no gift he could possibly make to equal that of the elephant, the admiral had decided that the least he could do was to dress for the occasion. Jackett had conjured up a long strip of carpet and laid it from the front door to the garden gate.

As the rajah's motor car, preceded by half the village, drew up at the door, the admiral appeared and walked with dignity along the carpet to the gate. There was a gasp of astonishment from us all. For the admiral was wearing full dress, including cocked hat and sword. His wonderful uniform was gleaming with dangling medals and stars.

He stood sternly at the gate, and, as the rajah stepped out of his car, saluted.

It was a great moment. Edwin and I cheered. The crowd took it up. Even Willie Makepeace, the half-wit, opened his mouth and yelled.

The rajah, a tall, handsome man, was magnificently dressed in silks and jewels, but even he could not outshine our admiral.

Next day, the elephant arrived. Crowds lined the road from all the villages around. In the square, the boy scouts were waiting with drums and bugles ready to sound off the instant the elephant was sighted.

A great roar signalled the arrival of the elephant. Promptly, the boy scouts' band began a roll on the drums, and the bugles broke into a rousing call. Everyone had managed to acquire a flag of some sort and we were all now cheering and waving, while the rajah stood smiling and nodding. The admiral, in full dress uniform again, was standing stiffly to attention.

That week, we were the proudest village in England. From miles around, people came to see the elephant, and Miss Cleverley, who ran the tea shop, did wonderful business.

We didn't get much chance to talk to Jackett for the next few days, for there was always a crowd waiting outside the barn of the admiral's house to see the elephant fed, but one day he did get a chance to mutter a few words to us.

"Gawd 'elp me when they've all gone!" he said with dread. "Old 'Orace is nearly goin' mad with temper but he dursn't show it with the rajah 'ere. I think he could kill that blessed elephant with 'is bare 'ands."

At last, the rajah left. Once more the admiral saluted at the gate as the rajah and his staff departed. Then the admiral's face changed. He turned round and almost trotted into the house, bawling: "Jackett!"

Jackett followed him in. A few moments later he reappeared, put a padlock on the barn, in which the elephant was asleep, and returned to the house.

As he was going in, someone shouted: "When can we see the elephant again?"

Jackett turned. His face was long.

"You ain't goin' to. I doubt if anyone will ever see that elephant again. 'E's stayin' in there for the rest of 'is life—which by all accounts won't be a long one."

But he was wrong.

Early the very next morning, the elephant, perhaps a little weary of the barn, leaned against the door, smashed the lock, and wandered out for a snack. The first thing he saw was the hedge. And when the admiral looked out of his window to gaze with pride at his beautifully shaped ship, he was just in time to see the last trunkful of it vanishing into the elephant's appreciative mouth.

"Jackett!"

It was this first apoplectic roar that awakened Edwin and I, who rushed madly into our shorts and sandals to see what was the matter. As we arrived, Jackett was standing watching the elephant and scratching his head, while the admiral, leaning out of his window, was on the verge of having a fit.

"Don't stand there scratching your

Continued on page 18

WHILE THERE'S U.N.O. THERE'S HOPE

by Tom Cornwall

To date U.N.O. can slate up some notable successes as well as much decried failures. We should not be too impatient with the baby!

Count Bernadotte lands in Haifa to mediate. U.N.O. has at least tried to reconcile Jews and Arabs

IN THE SHADOW of F.D.R.'s statue in Grosvenor Square lie small handfuls of flowers. On the pile is a white carnation, torn from a buttonhole. A card pinned to the carnation says: "In loving memory from an admirer, Mrs. O'Gharaty."

There is a bundle of heather wrapped in a torn newspaper: "In grateful and loving memory of a great man and the mission that he had. Bill and Maud."

Below the statue the goldfish in the pond swim in their green water, unconcernedly. On the wall of their pond are the words: *Freedom from Fear.*

Yet any Londoner sitting at the foot of the Roosevelt Statue, reading big black headlines about the crisis in Berlin, must realize that the only things free from fear in Grosvenor Square this summer are these goldfish, safe in their green water.

In the last days of Roosevelt's life, only three years ago, the Russians, the Americans and the British seemed united. Not a hundred yards away from the Roosevelt statue stands 20 Grosvenor Square, where Eisenhower then planned with Montgomery, where the strange and simple genius of Winant brooded on the immense problems ahead, where the Union Jack was once toasted by a smiling Soviet Ambassador.

Lake Success—or Lake Failure?

Today there are snarls, not smiles, on the faces of one-time allies. U.N.O., which owes its birth to this man here, this hewn image looking out on the London crowd, seems powerless in its efforts to stop what looks like a drift to war. At its headquarters at Lake Success (which New York taxi-drivers now call "Lake Failure") U.N.O. seems a world away from a crisis such as that in Berlin.

When U.N.O. was born in Washington in 1942, with a charter signed by twenty-six nations, it promised not only to "save succeeding generations from the scourge of war" but to protect fundamental human rights, promote a better life for everybody, establish justice and respect for international law. Can we be blamed for being cynical after three years of events that have appeared to betray every human right?

Look at the catalogue: In Germany, ruthless disregard of agreements signed by great allies; in Palestine, Arab and Jew still seemingly at daggers drawn despite intervention by a U.N.O. negotiator; in Greece, disregard of international law while Communists plan more civil war and a semi-Fascist Government shoots people without trial; in Indonesia, brown people on the knife-edge of civil war with white Dutchmen; in China, bloodshed between the Fascist Government of Chiang Kai-shek (let's quit kidding and call these things by their real names) and the two-million-strong mob-army of the Communists.

Franklin Roosevelt envisaged U.N.O. as an instrument with which the big three Powers, between them, could keep the peace. But nobody thought that these schoolmasters of the world school would themselves ever need a cane.

Every time a question of big power politics comes before U.N.O., any single big power can use the veto to prevent a decision which might harm its personal interests. The Russians, for instance, have used the veto twenty-two times, thereby spreading the gloomy phrase from mouth to mouth: "What's the use of proposing any action if Russia is going to veto it every time?"

Yet, in case you feel like cursing the Russians, remember that the veto wasn't a Russian idea. It was American. It was insisted on by Franklin Roosevelt at Yalta and accepted by Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin.

One American has put the matter frankly. He says: "What if we Americans were one day faced with a Communist majority in U.N.O., just as the Russians are today faced with a democratic, or capitalist, majority? Wouldn't we Yanks want to use the veto ourselves?"

It is quite obvious that the big powers often exploit the U.N.O. assembly in order to shoot off their mouths about international questions and get a "Press" for their cause. When Vishinsky introduced a resolution condemning "the criminal propaganda of a new war . . . carried on by the reactionary circles in a number of countries, particularly the U.S.A., Turkey and Greece," it was clear that he was out to use U.N.O. for another bit of "impropaganda" by himself. He saw his chance to condemn American war talk.

Then the small nations, weary of the big boys throwing bricks at one another, came forward with an amendment which condemned war talk in whatever country and by whatever means it was put over. Russia was not pleased—because the finger of scorn was not pointed directly at the U.S.A. Neither were the American delegates—because Russia had not been condemned as sole mischief-maker.

Had to Bow to Majority

But by that time fifty nations had all voted their condemnation of any and all warlike propaganda, and there was nothing for the delegates of America and Russia to do but make it unanimous.

One observer commented: "U.N.O. showed that it could survive bad language and threats, and still remain objective and judicial. . . . Here was a lesson that world moral force still counts. No single nation likes to defy world public opinion when it comes to a showdown."

Does that episode give us any hope about U.N.O.'s future?

Dr. Herbert Vere Evatt, Australia's Minister for External Affairs, and one of the best delegates in the U.N.O. assembly, when asked whether he himself had any faith left in U.N.O., said: "Personally, I shudder to think what might have happened in 1947 if there had not been a U.N." Well, what *has* U.N.O. achieved to justify Evatt's confidence?

It looked last year as though Greece was going to involve the entire Balkans in war. That the balloon did not go up may be attributed to U.N.O.

It had been alleged that Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania were actively helping the Communist General Markos in Greece. A U.N. Commission went to see for itself and interviewed 250 witnesses. In the Assembly of U.N.O. in New York, when all this evidence was presented, Vishinsky got up, as he was quite entitled to do, and fiercely attacked some of the testimony.

But it could not be entirely dismissed. So U.N.O. asked Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania to keep their hands off the Greek boiling pot. A special U.N. Commission was sent off to keep a careful eye on those Balkan borders. Of course, this didn't end Greek troubles, but it did prove that the Commission's moral force was sufficiently strong to calm down all sides of a dispute and prevent its spreading.

Remember the terrific fuss about Iran about a year ago? Russia, who feels she is getting a raw deal on oil resources, attempted to create a puppet régime and split the northern province of Azerbaijan off from the rest of the country. But the Iranian Government proved tough and, at a crucial moment, the U.S. State Department and U.N.O. backed them up. The Russians then withdrew tanks and troops from the borders of Azerbaijan, and readers from Clapham to Cincinatti put down their "late extras" and sighed with relief.

So the Russians Withdrew

Then take your mind back to the Turkish crisis. In the summer of 1945, Russia, feeling that with her new-won status as a big power she should have an outlet for ships into the Mediterranean, demanded rights in the Dardanelles. After the case had been weighed the Russian demand was strongly opposed in U.N.O. What did the Russians do? They withdrew.

U.N.O.'s record, if you close your eyes to some of the more publicised failures, is not too bad. When U.N.O. *has* agreed, it has made French troops get out of Syria and Lebanon and obliged Russian troops to take the dusty highroad out of Iran. No ifs or buts. These things were done, and they are

Continued on page 15

...dd wit, philosophy and tact—and ...barman. He's at the receiving end

• *by Roland Wild*

Oscar Haimo is President of the Bar Managers' Association and author of a five-language textbook on cocktails

Right at the other end of the scale and town is the bar of the Bowery "Foolish Follies" down underneath the Elevated and one step above Hades. Here the drinks are free for characters shabby enough to give the place the atmosphere of poverty and tragedy, while the customers who go to listen to old-time songs belched out by massive faded women in feather boas, pay a dollar a drink and ten shillings for a camellia.

When the Bartenders' Union starts its free school, tending to make all New York barmen depressingly similar and efficient, it will not be the first University of the Upturned Glass. John Fitzgerald has had a school running, Bartenders School, Inc., for the past thirteen years, and had Winston Churchill's nephew as a pupil at fifty dollars for the three weeks' instruction.

Fitzgerald knows that a lot can be taught, but there are still some born barmen. He himself would rather have been a barrister. "I think the best barmen are in England," he says. "They seem proud of their job."

Another fisherman in a tributary of the great Manhattan River of golden and green and yellow and amber liquor is H. Levensfeld, of the Four Star Equipment Company in the Bowery, who will provide any kind of bar you like at the drop of a swizzle stick.

Bars to Order

It can be a *zinc* as at "Le Bistro" on Lexington Avenue, tended by Monsieur Henry Pascal and specializing in vermouth and beer, or it can be the £4,000 leather-upholstered job he put into the Bagdad Room of the Casino Russe at Fifty-sixth Street and Seventh Avenue—called by Levensfeld the most beautiful bar in New York and therefore the world.

He can also supply private bars. He made one of bamboo for the Virgin Isles, another for £500 for a Long Island man, and others from Hongkong to Panama. And if you like, it can be an English pub with sawdust and typical "local" atmosphere.

The rest of the time Levensfeld gets rid of swizzle sticks, an expendable project here, for in a bar holding seventy-five people at a time, 5,000 swizzlers a year will be taken by customers if the bar's name is printed on the stick. The bar, it should be stated, encourages this larceny for advertisement purposes, and also presses on its clients some 10,000 books of matches in a year, at a wholesale cost of a penny each.

Henry Torres, from Puerto Rico, who stands somewhat menacingly at the leopard-skin and ebony portals of the "Zanzibar," a morale-elevating joint, very exotic with naked ladies ten feet high, told us that he regrets the days of Prohibition because then drinkers were better behaved.

"They had to conform," he says. "Now anyone can go anywhere." Personally we would not like to fail to conform if Torres was around, for he seems capable of bouncing any-size customer out of the "Zanzibar."

This used to be the old Paradise Club, which now has an all-Negro floor show.

The floor show at the "Havana Madrid," a South American night club, is performed by eight monstrous show-girls, bedecked in hats three feet high, who appear for no apparent reason at all. But it would still take a horse-ventriloquist to persuade most New Yorkers to look at a floor show once in a while.

The "Havana Madrid" bar is round, decorated with South American ardour by ladies apparently selling lottery tickets in Buenos Aires, and is supervised by a very handsome Mr. Ricci, who squeezes a lemon with the same vigour that most barmen would like to use on one of those customers who tell them stories which are the rage at Little Neck.

Another typical American of New York earning at least his union minimum is Bill Taam, Chinese bartender at the "China Doll," a somewhat highly coloured firecracker much more like Fifty-first Street, where it is situated, than like Old China.

The Confucius Special

Taam has been ten years in New York and his speciality is a Confucius Cocktail.

Six Chinese maidens singing Gilbert and Sullivan are part of the "China Doll's" floor show. But Gilbert and Sullivan, too, have been pepped up. In the course of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, they sing: "What never? What the hell you heard me the first time."

We also had to turn away for a moment while another Chinese girl did contortions which proved that the human body can stand practically anything, and were only normalized, as an American would put it, when a Chinese coolie dragging a rickshaw on to the tiny dance floor thanked a customer for moving out of the way with the words: "Thank you kindly for your co-operation, sir."

There are 2,700 licensed bars on Manhattan Island and another thousand in Brooklyn, plus two that are licensed but temporarily not working because Mr. Townsend of the union has his men outside with notices, "Unfair to Union Labour."

Anti-Union Houses Go Dry

As soon as a union member becomes available for insurance money he is available for picketing for two hours a week, or must pay a fine for a substitute. Townsend has had no failures yet, for he is in cahoots with other vital unions such as those delivering the essential commodities, so that a bistro incurring the union's displeasure is liable to be very dry.

Eighty have been picketed in six months for failing to obey the union's rules, such as paying double for public holidays, granting two nights off weekly, and providing good food.

"Though in most places the bartender gets the best," says Townsend. "The chef sees to that."

He went on to emphasize his high estimate of the bartender's position in society. "Especially in a small town," he said, "the barman is regarded as the expert on everything, and he hears so much, aside from the nonsense, that he is bound to be well informed. The bartender makes or breaks the bar. It's not the decoration or the music, or even the drinks; it's the service that pays the dividends. On top of that he spends his life hearing people insisting on chucking their own money away—'Here, let me pay this!' and so on. It's no wonder he's a spendthrift. Yes, the bartender earns his money."

Far Cry from Diamond Jim

There have been times, we must admit, while watching the clinical cleanliness and impersonal service of the New York barman, when we have compared it with the warm soda and cold reception of the lady of the bar in the English saloon—a non-union member accepting less than £12 a week for the task of saying "No whisky!"

And there are still times when we consider the claim of the New York union that "the old-time bartender, the fat, florid, cigar-smoking moustachioed gent of the Diamond Jim Brady days is dead, replaced by a trim personable fellow adept in human relations," and agree with a lady who said "I like the old type best."

For wine is a mocker and there appears to be something of a business-like mockery in the slick, quick and defensive bonhomie of the modern barman, the conjurer with all the secrets and a lowdown opinion of his insatiable clients with their feet on the rail and their tongues in top gear; this whisky dispenser who quite unwittingly is helping Britain's dollar-balance along through the dizzy hours of the New York night.

THE GREAT WET WAY

Take one part artist, one part conjurer
you've got a New York
of our dollar-earning whisky pipelin

NEW YORK.

WINE, AS A CHARACTER in the Old Testament discovered, is a mocker. But it's a mockery that profits the U.S. Treasury to the tune of two billion dollars a year.

I have just spent some time with six hundred New York bartenders; not one at a time or in business hours, but more economically at the headquarters of the Bartenders' Union in New York City. They are, incidentally, the men at the main receiving end of Britain's dollar-earning whisky pipeline.

In the capital where strong drink is raging more than at any period in its history there is a feeling that the barman has at last taken his rightful place in the scheme of things. Though we hesitate to endorse the claim of the Bartenders' Union handbook: "Countless thousands look to the bartender for guidance in family affairs and business propositions. Next to the clergy, the bartender is the greatest morale builder in the country. A man's best friend is his bartender."

But in crowded bars and empty bars, in black glass bars and leaning against the old metal altars we called *"le zinc"* in France; in silvered bars full of women with Easter bonnets, in Bowery bars lush with wreckage, in bars with birds fluttering behind the bottles, and in the darkened caverns with tapestry walls that are now the fashion, we have come across the same slick service, the impersonal and sleight-of-hand efficiency of the barman. More than any other, except the priest in his confessional, this tribe hears humanity with its back hair down and its secret modesties parked with the hat-check girl till closing time at 4 a.m.

There is Dave Cuneo, of the Zebra Bar at the Hotel Fairfax, off Park Avenue. We have nothing like him in Britain, partly because the licensing law would probably stop him, and partly because a theatrical producer would insist on his giving up his job.

The Zebra bar is small, modestly decorated, with a Negro pianist and two other bartenders. Twice a night all service stops, the customers are insulted if they move, and Dave claps a grey bowler hat on his head and sings nursery rhymes to the guitar. At least the tunes are nursery rhymes; the words belong to Dave and the customers, and if they were ever heard in a nursery, then the nannies must have been very peculiar indeed.

Insults Are Popular

If a hip-size forty-two woman comes into the "Zebra" during these anthems, Dave says: "Three of you gentlemen move up a little." If a male customer dares to leave the room, "All the King's Horses" is interrupted and Dave ruminates in a rasping voice on the personal idiosyncrasies of the criminal to the tune of eight thousand dollars' worth of slander in any court of law.

Except for a few top-line exceptions, London doesn't know what a barman can be. There is something here of the expert manipulator, with the skill of a pickpocket, as the little square of paper is put on the mahogany, the measuring glass is slapped down, the drinking glass is filled with ice, the spirits top the line with a fraction of a centimetre as bak-sheesh, the swizzle stick is in the glass, and Mister Bartender says, "Mix it, sir?"

Or man's best friend lines up five shilling cocktail glasses with one motion of the hand as he wipes the bar with the other, tosses ice into the mixing glass, hurls a measure of gin inside, adds from two more bottles, shakes, pours up to the line, and has just room for a cherry in each and a dash of lemon. The mixing glass is empty and five glasses are brimming. Triumphantly he tosses away ten cents' worth of ice, pushes the delicate glasses over, writes the bill and leaves it face down on the counter.

There are risks in this career, though. Jack Townsend, president of the Bartenders' Union, Local Number 15, Manhattan, for the past six years, told us that although worn-out feet, dilapidated lungs and chronic boredom are some of the perils, the most serious is probably the Women.

And from other sources we have gathered that although dance band leaders find themselves the most female-persecuted profession in the world, there are numerous cases of lonely madames coming into one of these dim distillers' chapels for a Martini or two and wanting to leave with eleven Bronxes, six boxes of matches, a swizzle stick and the bartender as well.

There is no insurance against this in the excellent policies against disaster offered by the union, nor is there anything to be done about the boredom.

Townsend, who was a barman himself for many years, says: "It gets you groggy. I have my own version of *In Vino Veritas*. For eight hours a day the bartender has to listen to the biggest hooey ever assembled in one place. What is more, we train him not to break any of his bottles on the customer's head. We are starting a school, free for members, which will not only teach him the history of wines and their treatment, but will even tell him how to get through the long hours behind the bar without crying out loud and leaping over the thing to savage a talking customer. We also have a course on when to talk and when not."

Playing the Horses

Most bartenders find release from the boredom, and also release from the responsibilites of wealth, by playing the horses.

Though the union minimum is fifty dollars or £12 10s. a week, and many make £20 a week plus tips which can be another £20 a week, there are few New York bartenders with fortunes in the bank.

Their health, finally, suffers from the public's habit of blowing smoke in their faces and the public desire to drink in a temperature of 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Their feet go bad on them, their tubes crinkle whenever fresh air is inhaled, and most of them have a bar-room pallor in cruel contrast to the fresh roses-and-cream complexion of the strictly indoor girl who spends a great deal of her life in this atmosphere.

The aristocrat of New York bartenders is Oscar Haimo, of the Pierre Bar on Fifth Avenue, president of the Bar Managers' Association, author of a five-language textbook on cocktails, a great host in his own right, and lately of Paris, Monte Carlo and Miami.

The Pierre Bar is dark, luxurious, and has on its shelves every drink in the world, while the service of the Haimo brothers is such that they said to me: "Come back any time in the next ten years and if we don't call you by name you get a forty-dollar hat."

Oscar is very strict with bartenders in his book. He shudders if he sees ice used twice, and has listed the minimum equipment of a barman as being a jigger, a wire strainer, a mixing glass, squeezers, an ice scoop, a muddler, shaver ice and snow ice. Now you know!

French-born Henry Pascal tends the zinc bar of "*Le Bistro*" where mainly beer and vermouth are served. "French" atmosphere is carefully cultivated

Lemon-squeezer operated by barman Ricci at night club "Havana Madrid"

"Coal from an unnationalised mine isn't being shifted": J. Harris at pithead

FREE SPEECH

Are we making the best use of our resources? Readers point out good steel that is being buried, dollars wasted, and coal lying idle

AS WE ARE SO SHORT of steel, and salvage is urgently sought, why are miles of old tramlines regularly buried under new tarmac? In Manchester alone, with tram routes becoming obsolete, this operation goes on every day.—J. CURRAY, Wilbrahim Road, Manchester, 14.

Money for Jam

Mrs. Buckmaster

WHEN DOLLARS are so urgently needed for vital materials, why are we buying American jam?

Surely there is enough jam in Britain to meet the rations. Yet, I recently bought a tin of grape jam on points and only discovered later that it was made in the U.S.—MRS. E. M. BUCKMASTER, 32 Avondale Road, Leyton, London, E.17.

N.C.B. Please Note

THE COLLIERY AT WHICH I work employs less than fifty men, is classed as a small mine and is therefore not nationalised. Several of the stalls producing coal are in process of stopping because they cannot get rid of coal already cut. There are about 250 tons of good large coal on the surface, and the pile is increasing. Local Coal Board officials have been approached, but the coal is still there.

It looks as though small mines are being squeezed out; or is it that important officials think we don't count?—J. HARRIS, 53 Hill Crest, Gamdiffaith, Pontypool, Mon.

Service with a Cry

ON A VISIT TO Australia, I went to one of Melbourne's suburban cinemas. A feature of the cinema's service to its patrons might well be adapted in Britain.

This is a special "crying room" for babies, where mothers can sit in a soundproof room and watch the film without annoying others. Hearing apparatus is, of course, installed.—R. F. ELLIOTT, 106 Henley Avenue, North Cheam, Surrey.

Government Surplus

MISS E. LUCAS ASKED in JOHN BULL (June 26) why Government surplus goods were still being sold so long after the end of the war. As late as 1936 (eighteen years after the first World War) I was still buying and retailing to the public Government surplus boots, blankets, vests, etc.

The late war having lasted longer than the first and covered a greater area, with Government stores all over the world, it's quite a safe bet to say that the sale of Government surplus goods will go on for many years yet.—W. J. FREESTONE, 129 Windmill Road, West Croydon, Surrey.

Sooner Take a Chance

IN HIS ARTICLE ON BOOKS, "Choice or Chance?" (JOHN BULL, June 19), John Pudney said people should choose their own books and not get others to do it for them.

I disagree. When I was in town, I read only a small selection of books by a few authors who I thought were my favourites. Now, living in the country fourteen miles away from a public library, I take any book I can get hold of, and I find my interests have considerably enlarged.—MISS M. SAUNDERS, Land Army, Rose Cottage, Bailey Street, Castle Acre, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Hurrah for *Woman's Hour*

PEOPLE WHO CONSIDER the B.B.C.'s *Woman's Hour* condescending baffle me. I think it's a very well-balanced and varied programme.

I've been married for twenty-five years, and still try out fresh recipes broadcast in this programme. I find the talks very interesting, and never once have I noticed any of the varied speakers "talking down" to me.—MRS. ETHEL MORLEY, "Christopher's," Bull Lane, Newington, near Sittingbourne, Kent.

Too Old at Thirty

A. W. Reynolds

DISCHARGED from the Royal Navy after twelve years' continuous service, I wanted to make the police force my career. After a week of my demob leave I applied at Peel House, Police Headquarters—and was told I was too old: I was a week over thirty.

As most long-service men are not discharged until they are thirty years old, it infuriates me to hear the continuous calls to strengthen our depleted police force.—A. W. REYNOLDS, 68 Somerset Road, Acton Green, London, W.4.

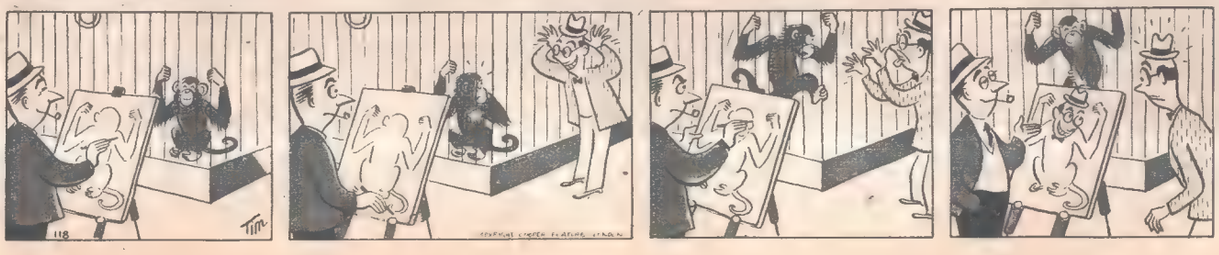
Herbert (Cupid) Hodge

AFTER READING HERBERT HODGE'S article "Faint Hearts and Fair Ladies" (JOHN BULL, June 12), I overcame my shyness and asked a girl, whom I have admired for about six months, to come to the cinema with me. I could have fainted when she said "Yes." Thanks, Herbert Hodge.—E. E. B., Hull. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



P.S. *On Ireland*

Since Harry Hopkins's three-article Report on Ireland in JOHN BULL, *readers from Galway to Bantry Bay have been sending in their comments. Here's a cross-section.*

CONGRATULATIONS to Harry Hopkins for his article on the Border Question. As a Belfast man I must say it is one of the finest and most intelligent articles I have read on the subject.—*Walter Bool, 152 Crimea Street, Belfast, N. Ireland.*

I WAS FILLED with indignation when I read the article by Harry Hopkins, "Will Ireland be One Again?" There is not a single loyal Ulster citizen who would stand against a United Ireland—provided it pledged allegiance to King George VI.—*Norman Wills, 7 Victory Street, Lisburn, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.*

IN THE ARTICLE "Will Ireland be One Again?" Sean MacBride is quoted as saying that it's no good talking about wiping out the border till Eire's social services have been raised to Ulster's level. That sounds fine: all that Eire citizens must do is work hard and achieve the same social conditions. But the snag is she never can. You can't take one half of a country, the poor and agricultural half, and tell it to raise itself to the prosperity of the richer, industrial section. The two are complementary, and should not be artificially separated to go their own ways.—*Patrick Docherty, Cork, Eire.* (Full address enclosed.)

IT IS USELESS to talk of Ireland becoming "one" again. Except when she was under English rule, Ireland never has, from the sixteenth century to 1920, been "one." Her whole previous history is of internecine wars between the provinces, of which Ulster has always been the one most closely associated with Britain, largely through intermarriage with the Scots. As a result of this it is pretty obvious that the Ulsterman is not really an Irishman in the narrower sense of the word.—*R. Marsh, 9 Hillview Park, Gengormsley, Belfast, N. Ireland.*

APPARENTLY Harry Hopkins expected to see every house in Ulster bedecked with Union Jacks. Our loyalty runs much deeper than that.—*N. J. McCulla, 80 Abbey Street, Bangor, Co. Down, N. Ireland.*

MOST IRISHMEN, though they deplore Partition for sentimental and economic reasons, accept the present position philosophically. Except at election times, or when an Englishman raises the point, one would not hear the subject mentioned. All the same, if the British "pulled out" of the North and we were left to settle the question of Partition for ourselves, a situation such as in Palestine might develop. Many in Eire do not think that Ulster is worth that risk.—*Hilgrove McCormick, Shandon, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, Eire.*

NORTHERN IRELAND could end rationing at any time if she cut her supplies to England. But we want to help keep England going. At the present moment, we in Ulster are producing three times as much per man as the workers in England. Last year the Belfast shipyard had the record building figure for the U.K. In the same year, we contributed £20,000,000 to the Imperial Exchequer, and also achieved our target figure of £22,000,000 in the Silver Lining Fund, which England did not.—*Douglas Hamilton, 1 Derrybeg Villas, Newry, Co. Down, N. Ireland.*

WHILE THERE'S U.N.O. THERE'S HOPE

Continued from page 11

what Dr. Evatt referred to when he talked of successes.

Of course, there are some hotheads who are convinced that what's wrong with U.N.O. is simply Russia. "Throw her out," they demand. The short answer to that one was given this month by a London observer. "Throw out Russia," he said, "and you throw out any lasting chance of *world peace*. Is that the way to get rid of trouble—kicking out a couple of hundred million people you don't agree with?"

Experts know that U.N.O. would collapse like a pack of cards if Russia was drummed out.

It's true Russia has not got the same conception of peace as have, say, the boys in the Pentagon building, Washington, but no one can seriously hold that Molotov would force a war in order to get the Soviet's way.

And, in spite of all the war talk in the United States, nobody familiar with U.S. history could say that the Americans would ever engineer a sneak attack, a kind of Pearl-Harbour-in-reverse, on Russia. It took two years of heavy provocation to get her in on the last war. The Yanks may shout, but they don't fight that easily.

No One Wants War

To sum up; there may be some pretty rotten eggs in Russia—and, for that matter, one can think of a name or two in Britain and the U.S.A. But we are not yet so addled that anybody, anywhere, really wants war. And so far neither Russia nor anybody else has walked out of U.N.O., or even threatened to.

Moves are on the way to improve U.N.O. and remove the veto straight-jacket so that it doesn't apply in a case of aggression. U.N.O. can't go on for all time with a jury on which the criminal himself may sit. Sooner or later, too, U.N.O.'s high court must be given teeth, if possible the atom bomb, to strike at aggressors.

Let Evatt of Australia have the final word: "I believe that if this U.N. organization can be kept alive for two or three years it may virtually be impossible for another 'shooting war' to break out in our lifetime. By then the nations will be committed to so many different projects designed to alleviate international pressure and to prevent armed conflict that 'red tape' will bind their fretful hands."

Sensible men like Evatt are telling the world that it may have blood pressure, but it hasn't yet got heart failure. As yet U.N.O. may seem just a voice in Babel—but it is all we have.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Curiosity

ANTS spend the first three days of their lives learning. They run here and there, touching and smelling whatever is in the nest. But from the fourth day onwards they stop learning. Every new thing they touch or smell is regarded as an enemy.

I think an awful lot of people are like ants. They are open-minded only for a short period of their lives. Then they become routine-minded, resistant to new ideas and in danger of becoming bored.

Today boredom is a widespread disease. It can only be cured by daily doses of the tonic of curiosity.

There never was a time when there was so much to learn and so much to know. And *finding out* gives the zest that's lacking in so many people.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

EXPRESS DELIVERY

by JOHN ARLOTT

England lacks first-rate fast bowlers. But there's hope: Lindwall has caught on with the youngsters who use a lamp-post as wicket!

Aussie's destructive agent, Lindwall, is in tradition we set but have lost

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 25, spectators at Lord's saw the contemporary flowering of a great tradition. On that second day of the second Test Match, Ray Lindwall of Australia showed himself to be in direct line of descent from the great classical fast bowlers.

He bowled from the Pavilion end, running fifteen rhythmic, gradually lengthening and accelerating paces to the wicket. Perhaps he delivered the ball with his arm a fraction lower than the purest technical examination would approve, but the ball he bowled was fast indeed.

With Lindwall, as with his great predecessors, the destructive agent is *speed*. Three English batsmen were clean bowled by sheer speed. Or else the ball was pitched that dangerous fraction short of a length about the line of the off stump, the batsman was unable to decide whether or not to play the ball and, in his indecision, edged a catch to slips or to the wicketkeeper.

During the present series of Tests, Lindwall has fully justified the fast bowling tradition.

That tradition is more than 150 years old, for before 1800 the famous underhand fast bowler, Browne of Brighton, was said to have bowled a ball which beat bat, wicket and wicketkeeper, passed through longstop's coat and killed a dog on the other side.

Fierce Slingers on Rough Pitches

But first of the line with characteristics obviously in common with Lindwall was Alfred Mynn, "the Lion of Kent" of the 1840s. Six feet tall and sixteen stone in playing trim, Mynn bowled in the days when it was illegal to raise the arm higher than the shoulder. Drawings of Mynn bowling show his arm swinging round the barest legal fraction below the shoulder, but his action was smooth and he controlled the ball.

Mynn made fast bowling the ambition of every young cricketer in the country, and that threw up a generation of fierce slingers who were positively dangerous on the rough pitches of their day.

In turn this led to the classical fast bowling, which is an attack designed to hit the stumps or compel the catch to slips or wicketkeeper by sheer speed of balls bowled to a length or just short of a length. The great fast bowlers have been marked by a fairly long run and a smooth high delivery.

Fast bowling in English cricket reached its finest flowering in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Tom Richardson and Lockwood of Surrey, and C. J. Kortright of Essex overshadowed many of their contemporaries, who were very fast bowlers indeed.

From their day until 1939 there were fast bowlers in England. And, if the standard was even then falling, there were in 1939 ten bowlers in England faster than any in the country today.

Yet on that dull June day this year when Lindwall, carefully nursed for months to that peak, bowled really fast, he bowled to batsmen to whom true fast bowling was just a memory.

In England in 1948 there is no bowler of the speed of Gover of Surrey when he retired in August, 1947, at the age of thirty-nine. Pritchard of Warwickshire, quite fast in 1947, has found it possible to reduce his pace to fast-medium and still bowl successfully in terms of wickets.

What has happened to English fast bowling? Will it ever revive?

Before offering replies to those questions we should be wise to look back to the days of Tom Richardson, to examine the problem of the fast bowler.

Tom Richardson was a strong man. He had a magnificent physique and he loved bowling. He would walk, on the morning of a match, from Mitcham to Kennington Oval with his cricket bag on his shoulder and then, cheerfully, bowl all day. Yet Richardson, for all that mighty moustache, was done with first-class cricket by the time he was thirty-three.

Fast bowling is not economical for a professional cricketer. He cannot afford to bowl fast and finish in his early thirties when he might be a batsman and play until he is forty-five. Fast bowling may be spectacular sport but it is poor business.

Even apart from its financial aspect, it is doubtful if fast bowling is as rewarding in itself as it was once. On perfect wickets nowadays fast bowlers may bowl their hearts out. If they aim at the stumps the batsmen play them defensively. When they pitch their balls just outside the off stump in the classical manner for slip catches, modern batsmen merely raise their bats above their shoulders, put their pads in the line of the stumps and allow the ball to sail harmlessly past.

Batsmen Always Had a Go

The other day I talked with C. J. Kortright, who is often said to have been the fastest of all bowlers. In my innocence I asked him, "How often did you bowl a bumper?"

"Never," he replied. "We didn't need to. You see, batsmen in my day would always play the balls we bowled outside the off stump except wides. We didn't need to *make* 'em play." The bowler used to bowl on or outside the off stump, daring the batsman to pit his off-side strokes against pace in a glorious tilt against the batting reflexes of a practised batsman. But modern batsmen have plumped for utilitarian methods, so that fast bowling is no longer the glorious adventure of old.

So there is little profit, either in cash or glory, in fast bowling today. Again, food shortages do not tend to produce bowlers with the bonus energy demanded by fast bowling. The war restricted coaching and the development of young cricketers. Many young men of the good physique and good heart which a fast bowler must have gave their lives in a grimmer contest than a Test Match. Thus the shortage. But, as Lindwall moved in silky momentum to the crease and swept away the English batting at Lord's, he must have set afoot in England an idea which must prove heady to youth.

Up and down the country small boys on school playing fields, on odd grass patches, or in side streets, grip a ball, strike poses and say, "I'm Lindwall." Then they propel a ball wildly towards a slightly nervous batsman.

This virus in the young will undoubtedly lead to broken windows, probably to bruised shins, even to black eyes. It may also produce in England a great fast bowler of the class of Ray Lindwall.

There may be a gap of a few years before that bowler, in his turn, runs up to bowl in a Test at Lord's, but in him the tradition will remain unbroken.

"For the last time—England's precarious position at the end of the 17th century did *not* have anything to do with Bradman"

WITH MY FEET UP

A Man's World

THE CONTROVERSY that has raged ever since the closing bell rang in the Garden of Eden has reared its ugly head again. Are men superior to women?

Someone has recently discovered that girls are now beating boys in intelligence tests. The headmaster of a leading co-educational school, when asked "Are girls superior to boys?" answered, "No, but they may *seem* to be." Which is one way of keeping the peace.

In order to find out the truth, I turned the newly formed Fox Poll of Public Prejudice on to the job. In order to kill two Ministries with one form, my investigators also asked the public (*a*) how much coal the questionee had in his or her last sack of stone, and (*b*) whether the person really believed Dr. Edith Summerskill when she said she liked snoek.

* * *

Here are the F.P.P.P.'s findings—first about MEN, in the opinion of men:

Men are the only male specimens of the human race. The world would get nowhere without men. Men are good-looking, strong, attractive to women, and they talk wittily, forcefully or wisely as the occasion may require.

It is men who do all the worthwhile work in the world. International trade depends on men. They write the best books and paint the best pictures. The great events of history, such as wars, would be impossible without men.

Men make perfect husbands and fathers. They work hard and earn the money that keeps the home together. They bring up children and keep their wives fed, clothed and entertained. They are never known to nag or utter a cross word.

In fact, men hardly count as human beings—they are more like gods really.

* * *

Now here are MEN, as seen by the women who were questioned:

Men! When you haven't got one you want one, but when you get one you begin to find things out. Men are just like two-year-old boys. They fly into rages, they sulk, they cry if they're hurt, they moan if they're ill. They neglect their wives and children. They are so lazy they only keep their jobs because their offices are run by other lazy men.

Men are a nuisance inside the house, and outside they get into trouble. They drink the housekeeping money and when they're in the wrong they've always got an excuse ready. This is a man's world—and look at the state it's in. Men? Pah!

by Ian Fox

"Only a fool humps a rucksack": cycle-camper Austin all set for holiday

Lightweight and Mobile

by John May

WHEN W. L. AUSTIN steps off the bus at Enfield, North London, around noon on a Saturday, he is an ordinary office-worker on his way home. When he comes out of the house again, a short time later, he is Bill Austin, cycle-camper, self-contained adventurer, independent of buses and any other complicated gadgets of urban life.

Bill could begin his annual holiday at an hour's notice. He has no need to book rooms or pay a penny in fares. He can go anywhere in England, Scotland or Wales and be sure of shelter and a comfortable bed wherever he cares to stay. He is what the camping crowd call "lightweight and mobile."

Few holidaymakers get closer to nature than Bill and his companions. At the end of the day's ride, they cook and eat supper under the sky. At night, in their sleeping bags, there is nothing but a tent between them and the stars.

They live simply, but see no virtue in living uncomfortably. Luggage goes into a series of packages neatly disposed around the bike. "Only a fool humps a rucksack on his back," says Bill, "when his bike can carry it."

Thirty pounds is a reasonable weight per cyclist, though some tougher types make do with eighteen. The beginner usually sets off with half a hundredweight and sheds most of it along the road as he goes. Bill Austin himself, now honorary technical adviser to the Association of Cycle Campers, first went camping with a lorry to carry the gear.

That was fifteen years ago. He took his wife, son and daughter to Bradwell-juxta-Mare, on the estuary of the Blackwater in Essex. They holidayed there two years running.

Since then, Bill has cycled thousands of miles and camped in half a dozen countries. He rides a lightweight tourer, with three speeds geared below the normal to ease the weight of the luggage. Most of this hangs in canvas panniers from a light tubular steel carrier, with more in the smaller front panniers on the crossbar, and in the saddle bag.

When he reaches the camp site, Bill hitches his bike upright with a pocket guy line and peg, and sets up house. The tent is of green Egyptian cotton and large enough for two people to sleep in. With groundsheet and light telescopic centre pole, it costs about £10.

A red lightweight blanket of cashmere wool covers the groundsheet. The sleeping bag is filled with down. There is an air pillow for his head and a spare inner tube to prevent his boring holes in the ground with his hip bones.

For lighting, Bill prefers candles: they provide warmth as well. He cooks his meals on a solid-fuel midget spirit-stove. The three aluminium cooking pots and the frying pan nest one into another. Food is carried in plastic or aluminium screw-top containers.

The camp site is chosen with four things in mind: shelter from rough winds, a good view, reasonable privacy, and sufficient water supply. Average water consumption per head for washing, cooking and drinking, is two gallons a day. Water is fetched in proofed-cotton buckets and washing is done in basins of the same material. Buckets and basins fold up to about the same size and weight as a tobacco pouch.

There are more than two thousand recognized camping sites throughout Britain. The usual fee for a night's stay is one shilling.

Traditionally, there are two things which every camper leaves behind: nothing, and his thanks. I spent a week-end at a permanent camping ground at Theobald's Park. Smokers pushed dead matches out of sight into the ground and buried their fag ends in a heel mark. On Sunday evening, when all but four of the sixty tents were folded and gone, not a trace remained of the weekend's hundred campers. They had even brushed up the grass they flattened in sleep.

Bill Austin's most memorable experiences (apart from the cow that ate his soap) have been in the Lake District and Snowdonia. "We used to camp well up the hillside with the tent flap opening on to Snowdon," he says. "In the evening we would watch the clouds racing up, capping and clearing the peak."

Off to the Alps This Year

But this year he plans to spend two weeks in the Savoy Alps with a small party including his wife. Last year, during the first International Meet since the war, they cycle-camped four hundred miles through Belgium, Luxembourg and Holland. Holland particularly appealed to them. "The young couples even do their courting on bicycles."

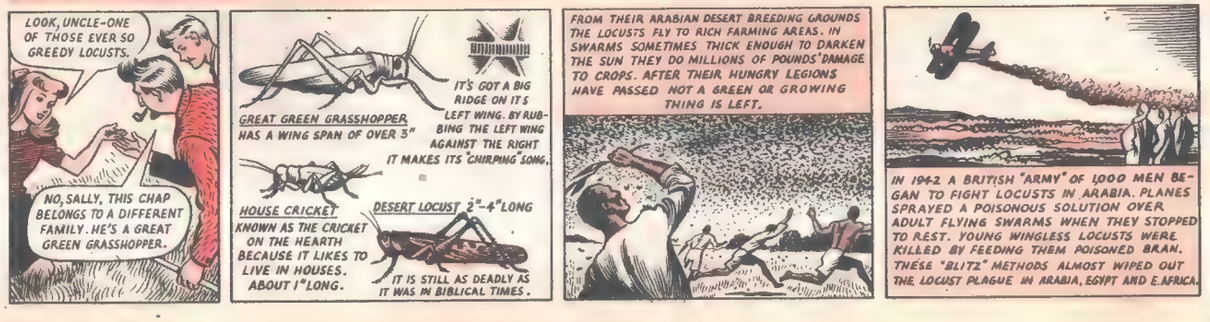
The fifteen-day trip, including boat and train fares and two rail journeys on the Continent, cost them £20 apiece.

This year's International Meet is to be held in England. Campers of all nationalities will be coming to Bushy Park. From July 29 to August 14 the camp site will be gay with canvas and camp fires and the fluttering pennons of a dozen countries.

Meanwhile, Bill and his fellow campers will be out almost every weekend, savouring again the magic of the camp fire and nights under the stars.

UNCLE ANDY

Man's Enemy, the Locust


LOOK, UNCLE—ONE OF THOSE EVER SO GREEDY LOCUSTS.
NO, SALLY, THIS CHAP BELONGS TO A DIFFERENT FAMILY. HE'S A GREAT GREEN GRASSHOPPER.
GREAT GREEN GRASSHOPPER HAS A WING SPAN OF OVER 3"
IT'S GOT A BIG RIDGE ON IT'S LEFT WING. BY RUBBING THE LEFT WING AGAINST THE RIGHT IT MAKES ITS "CHIRPING" LONG.
HOUSE CRICKET KNOWN AS THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH BECAUSE IT LIKES TO LIVE IN HOUSES. ABOUT 1" LONG.
DESERT LOCUST 2"-4" LONG
IT IS STILL AS DEADLY AS IT WAS IN BIBLICAL TIMES.
FROM THEIR ARABIAN DESERT BREEDING GROUNDS THE LOCUSTS FLY TO RICH FARMING AREAS. IN SWARMS SOMETIMES THICK ENOUGH TO DARKEN THE SUN THEY DO MILLIONS OF POUNDS' DAMAGE TO CROPS. AFTER THEIR HUNGRY LEGIONS HAVE PASSED NOT A GREEN OR GROWING THING IS LEFT.
IN 1942 A BRITISH "ARMY" OF 1,000 MEN BEGAN TO FIGHT LOCUSTS IN ARABIA. PLANES SPRAYED A POISONOUS SOLUTION OVER ADULT FLYING SWARMS WHEN THEY STOPPED TO REST. YOUNG WINGLESS LOCUSTS WERE KILLED BY FEEDING THEM POISONED BRAN. THESE "BLITZ" METHODS ALMOST WIPED OUT THE LOCUST PLAGUE IN ARABIA, EGYPT AND E. AFRICA.

"This room isn't good enough for a girl like you," smirked Lucky

Lucky owned three houses. He rented out the rooms. His power over the lonely people in those rooms seemed absolute

BLUE JOWLED AND SLEEK, Lucky Goodman came down the steps of Number 8, Courthope Terrace, out into the raw and gusty morning. In the street a group of workmen had just arrived, and, temporarily abandoning their handcart, had gathered together in the bus shelter immediately opposite number eight.

One of the group called out: "Lovely day, guv'nor!"

Lucky acknowledged him with an easy, half-contemptuous wave of the hand, and, turning left along the street, glanced up at numbers eight and nine as he passed. The sight of those two houses never failed to give him satisfaction, for they belonged to him.

They had belonged to him for ten years, and during that time they had proved an excellent investment. But they had never been more valuable than they were now, for, though the war had reduced their neighbours on either side to gaunt, grim ghosts, numbers eight and nine had survived unscathed. They were intact, and flourishing.

Yes. Those two houses belonged to Lucky. So did number five, Hope Street, in the less salubrious neighbourhood of Paddington Station. Number five had also miraculously escaped damage. So Lucky owned three houses—houses in which there were in all forty-five rentable rooms.

Forty-five rooms. Ah!—but wait! Each of those rooms contained a bed of sorts, a nondescript table, and some kind of a chair. Therefore they were, incontrovertibly, furnished. But — yet one moment! By the simple process of installing a wash-basin and a shilling-in-the-slot gas fire in each of those rooms, Lucky had converted them into flatlets. Forty-five furnished flatlets! Such a property, with London's accommodation problem as acute as ever, was magnificent!

Moreover, out of his great magnanimity, Lucky provided breakfast each morning in three gloomy basements. To partake of those breakfasts was a compulsory condition of residence in his houses, and for this inestimable boon the inmates not only paid extra but also meekly surrendered their ration books.

But although those ration books undoubtedly entitled their owners to an egg now and then and to certain small quantities of bacon and so on, such things never appeared on Lucky's breakfast tables. Morning after morning the lonely, timid, and so-respectable old ladies who made up the bulk of Lucky's tenantry—he was careful to choose such—toyed with their unidentifiable fish or unimaginable rissole, and wondered rather sadly where their rations went to. . . .

Could they have accompanied Lucky that morning when he left number eight, they might have found out, for Lucky had a date with Mr. Sam Peters, a gentleman who regarded steak and eggs and bacon as the finest merchandise in the world.

WHEN he reached the Bayswater Road, Lucky took a taxi to the Supreme Hotel. There, in the barber's shop, he had a shampoo and a manicure. Then he met Sam upstairs in the American bar and they had a chat over a couple of whiskies and a cigar.

After that they had lunched together at a discreet Soho restaurant which had a jolly disregard for food restrictions, and at half-past two retired in the greatest good humour to the Wonderland Club, where they spent a couple of hours or so playing snooker, with half a bottle of Scotch to lend ease and grace to their strokes.

At five o'clock Lucky took leave of Sam at the corner of Dean Street and Shaftesbury Avenue, and hailed a taxi.

"Five, Hope Street, Paddington."

When he reached Hope Street he had a few words with his manager, and then went upstairs to pay a couple of calls.

First of all he knocked gently at the door of room fourteen.

Mrs. Blanchflower lived in number fourteen. She was a little, grey old lady. She had been a widow for twenty years. She had no children and she had lost touch with such of her relations as still survived. She was alone in the world. Her husband had not left her very well provided for, and recently her income had become even more meagre.

During the long years since her husband's death she had lived in many lonely rooms in many gaunt houses, and at last she had come to Hope Street, to room fourteen. Even that was really beyond her means. After paying her rent she had very little money left for food. So she virtually did not eat—except for Lucky's compulsory breakfasts, which she devoured with brave efforts at ladylike restraint. During the rest of the day she existed almost entirely upon cocoa.

Perhaps she could have moved somewhere cheaper. But she had her standards. She could not have supported a common boarding house.

When Mrs. Blanchflower opened her door and saw Lucky, a wave of apprehension swept over her.

"Oh! Mr. Goodman! Won't you come in?"

Lucky went in. The room was very neat. It smelled faintly of lavender. In that environment Lucky appeared even fleshier and more gross than usual.

"Do sit down!"

"No, thanks," Lucky said. "Only got a minute. Busy man, you know!"

"Yes! I'm sure!"

Lucky looked at Mrs. Blanchflower with barely concealed scorn.

"Getting on all right? Enjoying life?"

Mrs. Blanchflower's lips quivered. Her apprehension increased. She was looking for the whip.

"Oh, yes—thank you."

"Nice to be a lady of leisure, eh?" Lucky said, and laughed loudly. "Well, Mrs. B., I'm going to give you something to amuse yourself with."

"Something to——?"

"That's right! I'm going to have the phone put in this room. All the other rooms on this floor have got it, and it didn't seem right to me that you should be left out in the cold. So there you are, Mrs. B. It'll only cost you a bob a week rent, and you'll be able to ring up all your friends, any time you like!"

Little Mrs. Blanchflower sat down slowly in her chair. There was an expression of bewilderment on her face. She raised a hand vaguely to her forehead. Then she said tremulously:

"All my friends?"

Lucky climbed next to the top floor and knocked at the door of room twenty-three. Room twenty-three, so they had told him downstairs, had a new tenant.

As a matter of fact, room twenty-three frequently had a new tenant, for it had not yet known one of sufficient fibre to endure it for very long. It was a room of despair, a six-feet-by-ten coffin for the living.

The springs of its soiled bed were broken. Its gas fire was a chaos of shattered pipe-clay. Its carpet was threadbare and filthy.

But there was nothing in the least shrivelled about Rose Andrews, who had moved into room twenty-three the day before. Lucky looked at her with undisguised approval when she opened the door to him. They had told him downstairs that the new tenant was a girl, and it was that which had brought him up seven flights of stairs.

Lucky had a weakness for girls, and he rarely lost time in looking them over. And now he decided straight away that the climb had been worth it, for Rose was a very pretty child. She was slight and fair and fresh, and there was about her an air of innocence and defencelessness which Lucky found very appealing. He judged her to be about eighteen, and he felt sure she wasn't a Londoner.

HE was right. Rose was eighteen and a half, and until two days previously she had lived all her life in a small Berkshire town. Then, with sudden desperate resolve, she had left an unhappy home and had come to London, and by fate or chance she had come straight to Hope Street, to number five. And when she had been shown room twenty-three it had not dismayed her, for she was still surging exhilaratingly ahead on the wave-crest of her adventure.

But if she was not dismayed, she now seemed a little disconcerted to see Lucky at her door.

"Oh!" Lucky noted automatically that there was no ring on her left hand.

Lucky set himself to put her at her ease.

"Miss Andrews? I hope you don't mind my calling. My name's Goodman—Joe Goodman. I'm the owner of these flats. I always like to call on my new tenants and welcome them, friendly-like——."

"Oh!" Rose said again, blushing now. "Oh! Yes! Wouldn't you like to come in?"

Lucky promptly stepped inside. There were clothes and a gay little hat on the bed, and an open suitcase on the chair. He did not appear to look at these things. Instead he looked at the gas fire, at the window, and at the carpet. Then he turned to Rose with troubled frankness.

"This room—it's not what I'd like a girl like you to have," he said. "But you know how it is! Things are very difficult. We're full up. But I'll move you somewhere better as soon as I can——"

"Oh— it's quite all right, really!" Rose

said quickly. "I like it here, high up. Please don't bother about me!"

But Lucky frowned and kicked at the floor.

"At least we can give you a better carpet," he said.

Rose smiled at him gratefully.

"You're awfully kind!" she exclaimed.

Lucky never missed an opportunity. He put an arm round Rose's shoulder, though only in the most fatherly way. You couldn't be too careful in the early stages.

"Believe me, I know what it's like to be away from home and lonely," he said. "Still—you can trust me to do anything for you I can, my dear. What say I drop in again tomorrow night—just to see how you're getting on?"

Five minutes later Lucky went downstairs again. In the basement he said to the manager:

"First thing tomorrow morning, switch over the carpets in number fourteen and number twenty-three."

LUCKY left Miss Daphne White's flat in Park Square Mansions a little before midnight. Earlier in the evening he had decided that perhaps Daphne wouldn't be living there much longer. He was getting tired of her, and he had dallied with the thought that Rose Andrews might like concealed lighting, central heating, thick carpets and a tiled bathroom as much as anyone else. Well, if she was sensible, they would see.

But for the last hour or so he had been too drunk to think about anything much. That was Daphne's fault. He had drunk a lot because she bored him. And for the same reason he had left earlier than usual.

He staggered out from the foyer on to the dark, streaming pavement. The night was black and wild. Daphne had telephoned for a taxi for him, but had not been able to get one. Confusedly he decided to walk home.

A mighty wind was roaring through the trees of Park Square. The lights of passing traffic danced and slid dizzily on the wet road. There was nothing solid or stable anywhere. He lurched over to the railings and clung to them. They heaved and sank in his grasp.

His progress was instinctive. He had made that journey before, often in much the same condition. And he came safely to Courthope Terrace. There he left the railings and blundered over to the kerb, remembering dimly that the areas of some of the damaged houses were inadequately fenced. He staggered on, stumbling in the gutter, until at last he came to the familiar bus shelter. Then he lurched across the pavement and up the front steps of the house.

The front door seemed to be open. At any rate there was a great, gaping maw of darkness there. Lucky, who had been fumbling for his keys, swayed foolishly on the threshold until he realized that he did not need them. Then he staggered into the pitch dark hall.

He groped with both hands along the wall until he found the light switch. He clicked it on, but no light came. He clicked the switch off and on again, but still without result.

Lucky's rooms were on the first floor of number eight, at the front of the house. He lurched over towards the stairs, and, stumbling upon the bottom-most, fell full length upon them.

For some time he lay there. Then he began to crawl upwards.

Reaching the first-floor landing, he collapsed in a heap against the wall. For a long while he did not move. Then he stirred and sat up. He felt a little better. Supporting himself against the wall, he got to his feet, felt for his keys once more, and groped forward along the landing towards the door of his room.

There was no door.

He did not understand. He stumbled across the dark threshold, felt for the light switch, and depressed it. As before, nothing happened. No light came. He moved forward blindly, feeling his way. He sought for the table, to steady himself.

There was no table.

He stood swaying uncertainly in the middle of the room. Then he made for the fireplace. He would sit down in his armchair and rest for a while.

There was no armchair.

Then, suddenly, he felt afraid. He caught his breath and listened. There was no sound. Usually he could hear something of his tenants' small activities, but now——

Tenants?

They were there! They were there, above and about him, mocking him, gloating over him, their eyes staring into the darkness——

They were in the room.

Straining his ears, he thought he heard voices, soft voices. He trembled. Then he thrust out his hands as though to push something away. He was sure something had touched him.

It came again—a soft stroking, gentle, beseeching, and infinitely terrifying. There was a fluttering and rustling about him.

Lucky staggered to the wall and crouched animal-like against it. But he could not stay there, for the hands followed, the voices called. He blundered off towards his bedroom. Light! Light! He must have light! He staggered through the doorway. Bare boards echoed hollowly beneath his feet. But before him, in the distance, there was a light, shining brightly, banishing terror. With his hands outstretched he stumbled towards it, and fell shouting into space. . . .

AFTER a night of storm the sun rose over London in a clear sky. And the promise of the morning held. The day was exhilaratingly brilliant, and the heavens were still cloudless and serene when evening came.

From the window of her room little Mrs. Blanchflower watched the sun sink. Then she turned and sat down in her chair, her hands folded in her lap. She didn't know what to do. Her room was no longer habitable now that they had taken her carpet away and replaced it with the indescribably filthy thing that now covered the floor.

And she didn't want a telephone. She couldn't afford a shilling a week for it. And it would mock her. She would never use it. It would never ring.

A dirty carpet? A useless telephone? Trifles? Ah, yes—except to those that live by trifles!

For a long time she sat there without moving. Then, quite quietly, she came to a decision. Smiling a little, she reached down to the gas fire and turned it out. She gazed at it until the red glow had faded from the pipe-clay stems. Then she turned on the gas again. . . .

Meanwhile, down below in the hall of the house, there was a scene of unusual animation. The ladies of number five had gathered together in a group at the foot of the stairs. There was a fluttering of excitement.

Rose Andrews came in at half-past eight after her evening meal. The old ladies looked at her eagerly. She smiled at them and prepared to pass on upstairs.

The temptation was too strong to be resisted. Old Mrs. Webber called to her:

"My dear—have you heard the news?"

"The news?" Rose said wonderingly. "What news do you mean?"

Mrs. Webber did not answer. With a fine sense of the dramatic she held out her copy of the evening paper and pointed to a short paragraph on the front page. Rose took the paper, and read:

Workmen who yesterday moved a bus shelter in Courthope Terrace, W.2, found the body of Joseph Goodman in a basement area when they returned to complete their work this morning. Mr. Goodman, whose home was at number 8, Courthope Terrace, died only two doors away. It is thought that he fell from an upper floor. Foul play is not suspected, though it is not clear why he should have been in the house where he met his death, since this has suffered severe bomb damage and stands empty.

Rose's hand flew to her cheek.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Goodman! Is that——?"

Mrs. Webber nodded solemnly.

"The owner of this house," she said.

"Oh! How awful!" Rose was quite distressed. "He was a nice man, wasn't he?"

Mrs. Webber took back her paper.

"I'm sure we don't want to speak any ill about the dead," she said.

ROSE stayed and chatted for a while. Then she went on upstairs. But on the third floor she paused. Mrs. Blanchflower, the dear old soul she had had breakfast with, had told her she lived at number fourteen, and there was number fourteen at the end of the landing. Rose wondered if she was there now. She hadn't seen her downstairs.

Had she heard the news? It would be a pity if she missed the—well, yes, the excitement!

Rose hesitated, and then knocked gently at the door of number fourteen. There was no answer. She waited a moment or two. Then, as she was about to turn away, her nostrils widened. . . .

The next instant she was pounding on the door with both fists and shouting at the top of her voice:

"Mrs. Blanchflower! Mrs. Blanchflower!"

The door opened suddenly. Mrs. Blanchflower, her face deathly white, stood swaying there. Somehow she contrived a little, welcoming smile.

"Mrs. Blanchflower!" Rose cried. "The gas! The gas!"

Mrs. Blanchflower raised a hand vaguely and turned to look back into the room. Then she smiled again at Rose and whispered:

"The gas? Oh, dear! I must have forgotten to light it!"

Rose's strong young arms caught her as she fell.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THIS IS the castle that Yates Wilson built—on a strip of beach ideal for constructional purposes at Dovercourt, near Harwich. The pity of it was that the cover artist's daughter, Diana, aged eight, who inspired (all right—badgered) him to build the castle, never took possession. By the time Yates Wilson had finished it, she had lost interest, and the family you see in the painting moved in. Whereupon Diana, no doubt, had to suppress an urge to rush over and be destructive.

AN ELEPHANT FOR THE ADMIRAL

Continued from page 10

head, you numbskull! Look what it's done to my ship!"

"Not much to be done, sir," said Jackett. "It's eaten it now."

"Eaten it! Of course it's eaten it, you infernal idiot. D'you fancy I'm blind? What the blue blazes d'you think I'm telling you, you thick-headed clod?"

"Well, what am I to do, sir?"

"What are you to do? Kill it. Drown it. Get it away from here. Do what you want—*but do something*!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jackett. He slapped the elephant on the trunk. "Come on, you great ugly slab," he crooned at it. "Come back to your nice barn, you long-nosed 'orror." He tried to nudge it round, but the elephant seemed to snigger. It stood like a rock.

The admiral stayed at the window gasping with uncontrollable fury for a few moments, and then his head disappeared and we could hear him storming about the house. Suddenly he came rushing out of the front door. In his hands he carried an elephant gun.

Jackett shot upright. The colour drained from his face.

"You're not goin' to shoot the elephant, sir?"

"What in tarnation do you fancy I'm going to do, you fool? Play a confounded tune? Get out of the way!"

A strange, obstinate look came into Jackett's eye. For perhaps the first time in his life, he defied the admiral.

"Beg pardon, sir. Can't see you shoot the beast."

He stood with his back to the elephant's trunk, and, with a ridiculous yet touching gesture, spread out his arms to protect the animal from the admiral's fury.

FOR an instant it seemed as though the admiral would literally explode. His cheeks puffed out, his eyes bulged, his frame quivered as though some powerful fluid was being pumped into him.

Edwin and I watched, hardly daring to breathe. But it was the elephant and not the admiral who made the next move. Tiring of Jackett's obstructive back, it reached out with its trunk, grasped him around the middle and dropped him over the remains of the hedge. Then it took one lumbering step forward, bent its head, and to our amazement stroked its large flapping ears against the admiral with a little shudder of delight.

The admiral was stupefied. He looked first at Jackett, sitting up, winded, then at the elephant, who was so obviously luxuriating in his presence. After a few moments he began awkwardly to scratch the elephant's ear with the butt of his rifle.

Jackett picked himself up and began to grin. The admiral scowled at him.

"Animal is perfectly friendly," he said. "Needs mastering, you blithering idiot. No use patting its confounded trunk." Then, suddenly realizing that this was precisely what he was doing, he straightened up.

"Now then!" he rapped sternly. He gave the animal a sharp poke with the gun. "Back to your damn' barn. Come on, now. This way."

He walked towards the barn. Trumpeting with pleasure, the elephant followed him. They disappeared into the barn. Minutes passed. We waited for the admiral to reappear.

"What will happen now?" Edwin asked.

Jackett shook his head slowly. He was dumbfounded.

"I never seen anyone take to 'Orace like that elephant did," he said. "Why, they're like brothers."

"But isn't the admiral going to shoot

Continued on page 21

"My home is Hoover-Cleaned LIKE THE 'QUEEN MARY'"

SAYS MRS. J. WOOD, OF RICHMOND, SURREY

"Yes, my little home and the 'Queen Mary' are both Hoover-cleaned," said Mrs. J. Wood, of Richmond, Surrey, in a recent interview, "after all, since you can get a Hoover for much the same price as ordinary makes, why not?"

HOUSEWIVES *in every walk of life* are now realising that present Hoover prices are so reasonable that they, too, can have the make of cleaner used for the lounges of the "Queen Mary", and wherever else quality and efficiency are the first considerations. The Hoover, which "beats . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans", saves hours of weary drudgery every week. By cleaning so thoroughly, it also makes carpets last longer; and you fit the cleaning tools — for curtains, upholstery etc. — *in a second.*

There is a Hoover Cleaner for every size and type of home. Prices from £10.10s. to £21 (plus purchase tax). See your Authorised Hoover Dealer as soon as possible.

HOOVER LIMITED

Which part of you sleeps first?

When you fall asleep your sense of sight goes to sleep first; then your sense of smell. And last of all, your sense of hearing. That is why, when falling asleep, a strange noise will wake you so easily.

Every year, doctors learn more about the great mystery of sleep. Perhaps their most significant discovery is that *deep* sleep is more important than *long* sleep. This explains why you can sleep for 7 or 8 hours and still wake tired, if your sleep has not been deep enough. It is for this reason that Horlicks is so strongly recommended. Horlicks helps you to get the deep refreshing sleep you need for energy next day.

HORLICKS

"I wish you could collect my feet!"

If troublesome feet are making your work a burden, your destination should be the nearest Scholl Depot. We quickly relieve corns, callouses, sore heels and bunions. If the structure of the foot is weakened, we give you light arch supports to relieve the strain. Scholl methods are known to foot sufferers all over the world. Come and see us. It's the first step to renewed foot-ease. Scholl Foot Aids are obtainable at chemists, shoe-dealers, stores and all Scholl Depots.

SCHOLL FOOT COMFORT SERVICE

254 REGENT STREET, LONDON W1 *Branches everywhere*

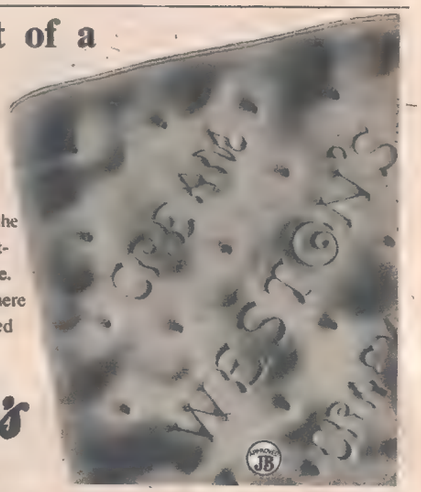
Why Sylvan keeps woollens softer, fleecier . .

Because Sylvan dissolves instantly even in cool water — no hot water to ruin dainty colours. Then Sylvan whisks up to the richest lather ever — no harsh rubbing to shrink and mat the fleecy wool . . . just easy, gentle squeezing in the purest, mildest suds — that's why Sylvan keeps your precious woollens softer, fleecier, lovelier.

DAINTY WEAR NEEDS SYLVAN CARE

This is part of a Weston's Cream Cracker

but you cannot visualise the smooth flavour, flaky lightness and seductive crackle. Supplies are sent everywhere though at present in limited quantities.



Weston's BISCUITS

your murphy dealer

Sometimes — but very rarely — we have made a mistake in appointing a dealer. But we soon put it right. Nobody holds a Murphy dealership who can't hold the trust of his customers.

★ ★ ★

The Murphy sign on a shop doesn't merely mean that you can buy our sets there. It means that you will get good advice before you buy and good service after.

SEE YOUR **murphy** DEALER

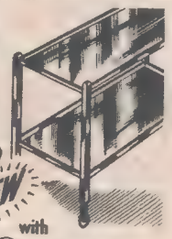
A122

A.C. Mains only. Price £31.15.7. Inc. P.T.

Murphy Radio Ltd. Welwyn Gdn. City, Herts

CRC 240

16 makes your trolley like NEW with



FREE Advice on Varnishing, Staining, French Polishing by our experts on request.

Rustin's HIGH GLOSS **VARNISH STAIN**

Any occasional furniture or woodwork is easily and economically made like new with Rustin's Varnish Stains, French Polishes, etc. for the amateur or professional. From most stores in half-pint, pint or bulk sizes. If any difficulty write to: RUSTINS Ltd., Waterloo Road, London, N.W.2 Telephone: GLAdstone 4211/2

After a good day's work for Britain

— that's when beer is best

STANELLI & Marise: O.K. for Smiles!

RADIO star Stanelli entertains Marise, his 11-year-old daughter. Her smile is as pretty as her party dress. Her famous father has taught her his sure way to keep smiles radiant — 'Kolynos' morning and night. "Tastes lovely", she says, and its lustre-foam keeps teeth sparkling white and clean. Make your smile winning — change to 'Kolynos' Dental Cream today.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Its refreshing lustre-foam MAKES YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS

No, just the old one Re-dyed with

Tintex

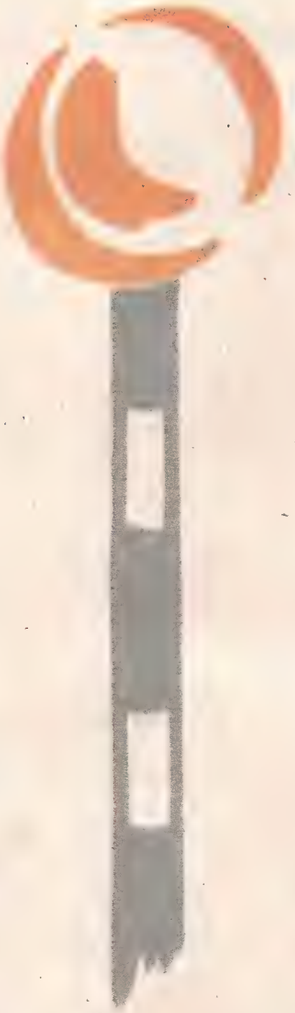
50

Mum knows:

LIFEBUOY is more than a GOOD soap — it's a good habit!

L 466-943

A *LEVER* PRODUCT



Good mornings begin with Gillette

. . . the sharpest edge in the world!

Cheaper, less tax, than pre-war!

AN ELEPHANT FOR THE ADMIRAL

Continued from page 18

him?" Edwin asked. We'd never heard an elephant gun go off before.

"Blamed if I know," said Jackett.

But the admiral didn't shoot the elephant. There was the ghost of a smile on his face when he emerged from the barn. It quickly vanished when he looked at us.

"Be off with you," he snapped. "Jackett, go and cut some bushes in the back garden. Animal's hungry."

We went back after breakfast. The elephant was not in the barn. Jackett was, and he was on his knees scrubbing it out.

"Where's the elephant?" we asked.

Jackett looked up. There was a curious, dazed expression on his face.

"'Orace is playing with it back aft," he said.

"Playing with it?"

"Come and look," he said. He wanted corroboration. He couldn't believe the evidence of his own eyes. Wiping his soapy hands on a rag round his neck, he motioned us to silence and padded round to the back of the house.

We could hear the elephant trumpeting and giving little snorts of delight. Then we saw the admiral. His face wreathed in smiles and looking not much older than ourselves, he came staggering out of the back door with a bucket of water.

"Here you are, you rogue," he chuckled, and threw the water over the elephant. The animal stamped one massive foot with joy and trumpeted, its trunk reaching out coyly to touch the admiral. The fat little man stood and held his sides.

Jackett looked at us, stunned.

"'E's bin doin' that for the past hour," he said in a hushed voice. "I think 'e's gorn clean off 'is rocker."

For the rest of the day, feeling strangely embarrassed, we gave the admiral's house a wide berth. It was a glorious day and we went swimming in the river. Wild flowers made the banks a riot of colour.

Our village was very proud of its flowers. Every cottage, however tiny, boasted a wonderful display. The showpiece was the vicarage, alive this year with masses of crimson and orange. Only the admiral's garden, for so long neglected, was almost bare.

But when, next morning, we walked down to see the elephant, we found that by some mysterious agency, the order had been reversed. For now, the vicarage garden was bare, while the admiral's garden was ablaze with colour. Only the flowers weren't growing in the admiral's garden. They were scattered over the lawn; and standing in the middle of them, as scarlet as the most flamboyant of his blooms, was the vicar. The admiral surveyed the floral carnage with him.

It was a pregnant moment. The tall, stooping vicar was the first to break the silence. Normally a mild old gentleman of a kindly disposition, he was now in a towering passion.

"May I ask, sir," he said in a choking voice, "what you intend to do about it?"

The admiral puffed out his cheeks and looked at the elephant.

"No discipline," he said mildly. "Deuced hard to discipline an elephant."

The vicar gasped. "Do you realize, sir," he cried, "that this vile beast, not content with picking the choicest blooms in the village, has *uprooted my whole garden*?"

"Dashed hard luck," said the admiral. "Couldn't regret the incident more, I assure you, padre. But," he said, a stern note creeping into his voice, "I must

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

CANUTE LIVES ON!

Striving to turn back the tide, he reflects the whole history of mankind

I'VE OFTEN BEEN TOLD I'm lucky in having found so many interesting jobs to do during my short life. I'm inclined to agree. But no one can say I've been lucky in getting holidays. I've worked at three jobs where I was entitled to a holiday with pay. But I got the sack from the first one a fortnight before my holiday was due; I had a row and left the second three weeks before my turn; and, in the third job, the wages were so low that I was glad of the opportunity to work through the holiday for the sake of the extra money.

Another year, I remember, my wife got a job and succeeded in saving up ten pounds. We felt certain of a holiday that year. But just as we were getting all set to go I had an inspiration. So we had to stay at home while I wrote down the inspiration; and by the time I'd finished it the holiday money was spent.

Since then I've been a bit better off. But that hasn't made holidays any easier. Life's continued to run true to form. When I've had the time to spare I haven't had the money; and when I've been earning the money I haven't had the time.

But this year we made it—a week at Hastings; our first proper holiday since 1938. Like a good many other people I saw a fair amount of the sea during the war, but there wasn't much of a holiday feeling about it. The Atlantic certainly wasn't romantic, and the Pacific was apt to be literally too terrific.

Nice Safe Thoughts

For me the best part of this holiday was being able to sit on the beach, watching the tide coming in and thinking nice safe thoughts about the sea, such as: "Where do the waves come from?" instead of wondering all the time what was going to pop up from underneath the waves.

Still, I find I haven't quite got back my old prewar confidence and friendly feeling towards the sea; and I'm wondering whether we of this generation ever will.

It's the young children who seem to get the most pleasure at the seaside. I was watching two of them, young enough to be tackling the sea for the first time—a small girl playing her own private game of tag with the waves and getting an enormous satisfaction out of beating them to the safety of the breakwater four times out of five; and an even smaller boy, earnestly striving to throw back the incoming tide with a pail the size of a pint pot.

It was heartening to see that little human figure tackling the English Channel with his tiny pint pot, and firmly refusing to accept defeat. I felt I was watching the whole history of mankind in him—Man all down the ages, tackling the universe with his tiny mental pint pot, determined to make it obey his will.

And if it sometimes seems that every generation is defeated in the end, there is always another generation springing up, bursting with new energy to try again. So that, no matter how many individual men and women go down in defeat, mankind is never defeated.

Surely if there *is* any justice in the universe we ought to win some sort of victory in the end. Or is the whole satisfaction of life contained in the struggle? Either way, it's good—especially when you're sitting on a beach in the sunshine, watching a small boy trying to dominate the ocean.

Being on holiday, I didn't feel like taking my own part in the cosmic struggle too seriously. So I tackled the universe only in a minor way—on the bowling green.

I've never taken much interest in outdoor games or sports—mainly, I suppose, because I've never been quick enough to be any good at them. Cricket, football, tennis, running, jumping, boxing, and similarly strenuous sports have all been quite beyond my powers. I can neither think nor act quickly enough to make even a passable show at any one of them. The only outdoor game I've ever been any good at is marbles.

These last few years I've been feeling a bit wistful every time I've passed a bowling green and watched the chaps at play, looking as happy as I used to feel playing marbles.

I Meet a Fellow Novice

Destiny seemed determined that I should have an extra-special holiday this year—feeling, no doubt, that I deserved it. I met a man who had just played his first few games of bowls and was so enthusiastic about it that he was delighted to find someone who wanted to learn.

He took me along to the green and showed me how to lay the mat and throw the little white ball they call the "jack," and then how to handle the bowls (or "woods" as he told me I must call them) and the difference between the flattish side and the bulgy side of the bowl. The bulgy side, of course, makes the bowl biased, so that it doesn't roll in a straight line. This is where the high mental plane comes in. You need all the mental or mystic power you can summon up if you're going to persuade that biased bowl to finish anywhere near the little white jack. Once you've sent the bowl from your hand you have to keep in constant telepathic communication with it all the way up the green.

Well, it didn't take me long to grasp the principles of the game. By that time we'd been joined by two other chaps, old and seasoned players, making two a side. My only hope of not ruining their game was to put all my faith in mystic powers, for I obviously couldn't expect so early to possess any manual skill.

I Go Into Action

They told me to bowl first. And I tried to fill myself full of mystic power—with all my will concentrated on the bowl. It left my hand, travelled in a wide curve out towards the edge of the green, then started to come curving in towards the jack, rolling so very gently that when at last it reached the jack, and touched it softly at the side, the jack didn't even move.

This done, my bowl hesitated a moment, obviously feeling it had done quite well, yet wondering if it couldn't do just a little better. It saw that it could. Gathering together the last of its strength, it curled gently round the front of the jack, still keeping contact, and then turned on its side and lay flat, thus blocking any other player's attempt to beat it.

The mystic power deserted me after that. I didn't get another wood within two feet of the jack. But since I've done it once I surely ought to be able to do it again. So now I'm back at home I've joined our local club. I'll never be able to give up the game now—not even if I've got to go on trying to repeat that shot for the rest of my life.

JOIN HIM IN LUCERNE!

COME to Switzerland with a companion as JOHN BULL's guests for a glorious 1,300-mile holiday! Stay at the Grand Hotel Europe in lovely Lucerne. Revel in the ration-free shops. Drink in fresh air and sunshine amidst wonderful scenery! Drive along the road you see here, over the Alps to the Rhone Glacier and marvel at this giant miracle of nature, a river of slowly moving ice!

Such was the thrilling invitation accepted by reader H. Kemp, of Stratford, to celebrate winning £250 in a recent *Bullets* contest. And the same thrilling opportunity is offered as First Prize in this week's final Swiss holiday offer of 1948.

Yes, *you* can join Mr. and Mrs. Kemp in Lucerne—if you're quick! The *Examples* are waiting, so is your coupon. Be sure you post it by Monday, July 26!

FINAL SWISS HOLIDAYS THIS WEEK

heading Prizes value over **£500**

£250 1st Prize plus 10-Day Swiss Holiday for Two

£25 2nd Prize plus Seaside Holiday | **£10** 3rd Prize plus Seaside Holiday

10 of £5 — 20 of 21s.

1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes each with a £250 Surprise

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

Any 21s. prize you win will be accompanied by a Fountain-pen if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. 'Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated August 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Brighter Britain	At First Sight
Ship Of Peace	Girl On Holiday
In Berlin	Went Flying
Humanity	Father's Collar-stud
Flood Of Goods	Easy Meat
The Only Way	WhatTheLandladySaid
Nobody Knows	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Place In The Sun	How To.....
Look Alive And	When The.....Struck
The Target	"What's Your.....?"
With Or Without	Smashed The.....
Standing Still	Family.....
Seaside Donkey	Up Went The...And
Feeble	

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crossword help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 7, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,639 (or Xword 591) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 7 containing GRAND NEW PRIZE OFFER

452

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

EXAMPLE .....

.....

BULLET

EX. .....

.....

B. .....

EX. .....

.....

B. .....

EX. .....

.....

B. .....

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer.

Closing Postmark, **1,639** MON., JULY 26

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

CASH and HOLIDAY WINNERS No. 1,635

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus Seaside Holiday for Two: V. F. Seal, 12 Brown Street, Ferndale, Rhondda: MR. STICK-IN-THE-MUD BUT MOTHER'S "RALEIGH," DAD.

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: R. Gaze, 38 Windsor Road, Lowestoft: THANKS TO AMERICA—"HEALTH SERVICE" FOR *Europe*.

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: F. E. Morris, 3 Camberley Avenue, Raynes Park, S.W.20: WHERE TO GO TO—WHITEHALL, WHITTLE!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: F. R. Smith, "Highfield," Oliver's Battery, Winchester: WOULD TAKE A LOT—MORE "CANVAS" YET, "BRITANNIA." £8: D. Thomson, 20 Burnham Road, Glasgow, W.4: JUDGING BY THE DIN—DAD'S DONE A "DON'T"! £7: A. Penhale, 16 Minterne Road, Bournemouth: IN THE COMMUNIST CAMP — *World's* "UNION" FLOUTED, TOO. £6: Miss M. Morgan, 47 Tudor Road, Cardiff: CLOTHES—IF *We* "HANG OUT."

FIVE of £5: H. Carr, 33 Sundon Road, Harlington: SUPPOSED TO BE GARDENING—GRANDAD—DIGGING BARMAID'S RIBS! Miss J. M. Davidson, Croxton Lodge, Croxton: JUDGING BY THE CHEERS—ENGLAND'S MADE ANOTHER RUN! G. Ginger, 96 London Road, High Wycombe: LIKE GRANDMA — SOMETIMES'— GRANITE SOMETIMES, BRITAIN. W. L. Hoole, 24 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham: DAY BY THE SEA —DAD'S WATERING GIVES SLUGS! Mrs. D. Wilman, 91 Greenhead Road, Utley: JUDGING BY THE WAY—*You* DRIVE, ISN'T SUFFICIENT!

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Twenty Prizes of £1 1s., and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

CHEQUES AND HOLIDAYS WON—XWORD 587

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Pawn. 3, Shy. 5, Wills. 8, Nip. 10, Aim. 14, Stare. 15, Woods. DOWN: 2, Winter. 4, Gold. 6, Spies. 7, Vernal. 9, Maze. 11, Lambs. 12, Coin or Corn. 13, Saw.

TWO £100 SHARERS (differing at one point only from competitors' Answers above): E. Day, 15 Anglesey Road, Gosport; Mrs. W. H. Strelling, 37 Redlands Drive, Kirk Ella, E. Yorks.

Winners also receive Week's Seaside Holiday for Two. Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 28 entrants (differing at two points only from Answers above).

XWORD £100 and SEASIDE WEEKS

Prizes value up to

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £225 amongst Runners-up **£225**

★ **SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO with each cheque for £25 or over**

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues XWORD 591

1. Party can't really be hilarious without certain amount of this
5. To lose which is often gain rather than loss
6. Refers to a particular kind of play
7. In some cases hospital discipline may result in this
9. Tight one is apt to make one feel hot under the collar
10. Slum conditions make many a street
15. It's easy to tell if it's been watered

Down Clues

2. When in the dark, you may trip up, trying to pass this
3. Dog-lover would be disappointed if his dog went for
4. Payment of such rent is quite often overdue
8. A suspect is sometimes taken at his
11. Shell goes to the making of this
12. Roar may tell you it's a good one
13. Many a bitter struggle takes place for possession of
14. Motorist is used to meeting with

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY

■	1	I	N	■	2	T	W	I	G	3	S			
4	■	5	C	A	■	E	■	■	■	N	O			
A	B	E	■	■	■	■	■	6	■	U	N			
7	C	U	R	■	■	T	8	■	■	■	■			
K	F	■	■	■	■	■	O	V	A	■	■			
■	9	F	I	■	■	10	R	A	B	■	■			
11	C	O	S	■	12	■	■	■	O	13	F			
R	O	M	E	O	■	■	■	14	J	U	L			
A	N	■	R	A	D	I	A	T	A	■	■			
■	■	15	I	L	K	■	■	591	■	■	■			

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Aug. 7.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

591 Closing Postmark, MON., JULY 26

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

AN ELEPHANT FOR THE ADMIRAL

Continued from previous page

take exception to your use of the word 'vile' to this inoffensive animal. Very odd from a man of your cloth, sir. I consider it a very misguided but understandable display of affection on the part of the elephant for its master.

"After all," he went on reasonably, "how was the animal to know *whose* flowers they were? Of course, it was wrong, very wrong. I should be the last person to condone it, but really padre, you know, I feel you are overlooking a fine quality in the elephant."

It was only the first of a series of such incidents, and it soon became obvious even to the admiral that the elephant would have to go. He got into touch with the Zoo, and one day a large van arrived to collect the animal. All the boys of the village were there to see the departure. The admiral was very stiff and tight-lipped, but he steeled himself by glancing at his ruined hedge where once a ship had stood.

"No nonsense, now!" he muttered to the elephant as the animal, trumpeting in protest, was urged into the van. Then he turned and walked abruptly into the house.

The next year, Edwin and I went away to school, and it was the following summer before we returned. The hedge around the admiral's house was growing again, but not enough for him to start cutting another ship.

"I'll be glad when it does grow," Jackett confided. "'Orace can't get over that blessed elephant. Once 'e's got 'is ship to play with again, 'e might be almost 'uman."

So, as soon as the spring began to push up the hedge to its former wild luxuriance, the admiral got out his step ladder and began work. He had been cutting for several weeks when Edwin and I returned home for our holidays.

One day we went down to see him and to take our first look at the new ship. We were half way down the road when we heard the familiar clatter of steps, the thump and the well-remembered roar. We ran down to the house.

The admiral was flat on his back again, giving full tongue. Jackett came padding out as we arrived. His ugly face broke into a grin when he saw us, but the admiral glared. To straighten our faces we turned to gaze at the ship he had been cutting in the hedge.

But the admiral had finished playing with ships. The elephant was not so easily forgotten. And it did not live only in his memory: for there, growing out of the hedge it had once demolished, was the proud, verdant replica of the admiral's last love.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Case of A Cripple

A WOMAN READER wants to know how the new National Insurance Act affects her crippled brother. She writes:

"I have heard that the new Insurance Act covers everybody. I have a brother, aged thirty-three, who is a complete cripple. He has never been able to work and has no income. What happens in his case?"

You should obtain Form C.F.6 from the Post Office. It should be completed and sent to your nearest Employment Exchange. Your brother is insurable as a non-employed person unless application is made for him to be excepted from paying contributions on the ground that his income is less than £104 a year.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

TAKE THE HIGH ROAD TO SUCCESS
VIA
THE BENNETT COLLEGE

Let the most progressive, most successful College in the world coach you by correspondence. Choose your career or be advised by us. We take a personal interest in all our students and provide the friendly individual training that quickly leads to success. Make the first move NOW—write for free particulars.

CHOOSE YOUR CAREER—WE WILL TRAIN YOU QUICKLY

Blue Prints.
Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods.
Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works.
Cambridge Senior School Certificate.
Carpentry and Joinery.
Civil Engineering.
All Commercial subjects.
Sanitation.
Shorthand (Pitman's).
Concrete and Structural Engineering.
Draughtsmanship, All Branches.
Heating and Ventilating.
Institute of Housing.
Languages.
Mathematics.
Matriculation.
Municipal and County Engineers.
Plumbing.
Quantity Surveying—Institute of Quantity Surveyors Exams.
Structural Engineering.
Surveying.
Teachers of Handicrafts.

If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject. Full particulars free.

Direct Mail to **DEPT. 31**
THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD. SHEFFIELD

Light your Gas Stove with a—

FUSILIER
GAS LIGHTER
INSTANT LIGHTING — LASTS FOR YEARS
Obtainable from good Retailers everywhere
FLIL 6/- each
THE FUSILIER CO LTD LONDON S.W.1.

Two sides

of an exciting life

If you are between 17½ and 35, and making no progress in your present occupation, consider the opportunities in the A.T.S. THE JOB. You will be taught a trade that suits you. You may become a clerk, an orderly, a driver, a telephonist or (if you are good at maths) a Gunnery assistant. Whatever you do, you will partner the Army in important work.
THE LIFE. Makes you independent, self-reliant. It introduces you to new friends — takes you to new places. You can join in entertainments, dances, games and discussion groups. If you want a splendid career, and an interesting life:

You'll find both in the ATS

I am interested in joining (rejoining). Please send details without obligation.

Name (Mrs./Miss) .....
Address .....
Post to: The War Office, Dept. J.B.31, AG10, London, S.W.1

Say Goodbye to
TRAVEL SICKNESS
in all its forms

To the thousands for whom a journey is an ordeal Kwells turn it into a joy. A tablet or two before you start and you need never fear that embarrassing queasiness. You will arrive fit and ready to enjoy life. Made to the formula that brought our sea and airborne troops into battle fighting fit on D-day. They are on sale at all chemists, in handy, unbreakable tubes, price 1/6. Take them on every journey.

KWELLS *The D-day remedy*
PREVENT TRAVEL SICKNESS
BY ROAD · RAIL · SEA OR AIR

NASAL
CATARRH
Head Colds, Hay Fever

Smear a little NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside each nostril. Gently sniff it up. 'NOSTROLINE' acts quickly! Opens stuffy nasal passages. Clears Head. Halts sniffing. Soothes soreness. Lubricates. Calms. Comforts. Insist on 'NOSTROLINE' for Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Hay Fever, Catarrhal-Deafness, 'Flu-Colds. All Chemists 2/- inc. tax.

'NOSTROLINE'

1848
A CENTURY OF BOOKSTALL SERVICE
1948

A "Just So" Story

"Led go by dose!" cried the Elephant's Child, pulling with all his might. "'Tidn't bade of indiarubber."
"Rubber—stationery—blotting paper!" exclaimed the crocodile, letting go with a plop. "I must have blotting paper before I shed another tear—I'll go to Smith's tomorrow."
. . . but the Elephant's Child, full of "satiable curtiosity', has gone to Smith's today.

1848–1948 W.H. SMITH & SONS Bookstall CENTENARY

W. H. SMITH & SON
1500 BOOKSHOPS AND BOOKSTALLS THROUGHOUT ENGLAND AND WALES

Issued by W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.

RHEUMATISM ?

me? . . No!

I take Fynnon Salt — the ideal laxative for Rheumatic Sufferers. You can buy a large tin of Fynnon Salt for 2/- including Purchase Tax. Get a supply today.

FYNNON SALT
the famous medicinal Salt
REMOVES HARMFUL WASTE PRODUCTS, CLEANSES BLOODSTREAM AND DIGESTIVE TRACT
Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middx. 583

Seek the sunshine
ON THE BEST OF ALL BICYCLES!

Royal Enfield
THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD. *Head Office & Works.* REDDITCH

For all conditions of the skin which call for soothing, emollient, antiseptic treatment, 'Dettol' Ointment is recommended.

THE SOOTHING TOUCH If the ointment you use to calm a reddened, roughened, irritated skin carries with it an active, effective antiseptic; then that soothing touch can indeed be the touch of healing.

'DETTOL' OINTMENT
Soothing and Actively Antiseptic

dandruff..
You just can't ignore it!

Dandruff cannot be kept secret, but it can be got rid of. Take Nature's hint that your hair is under-nourished, that bodily supplies of Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other vital hair foods are running low. Replenish the supply with Silvikrin and dandruff disappears. Fed by its natural foods the hair regains its youthful vigour, stays in your head, not in your comb. For serious dandruff or falling hair you need Pure Silvikrin. As a daily dressing for the hair use Silvikrin Lotion.

Silvikrin
THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

• Pure Silvikrin and Silvikrin Lotion are sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland 1½d. Canada and Abroad, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

(With acknowledgements to Macmillan & Co. Ltd.)

Bottle Royal

"Who are fighting?" asked Alice.

"Why, the Lion and the Unicorn, of course," said the White King.

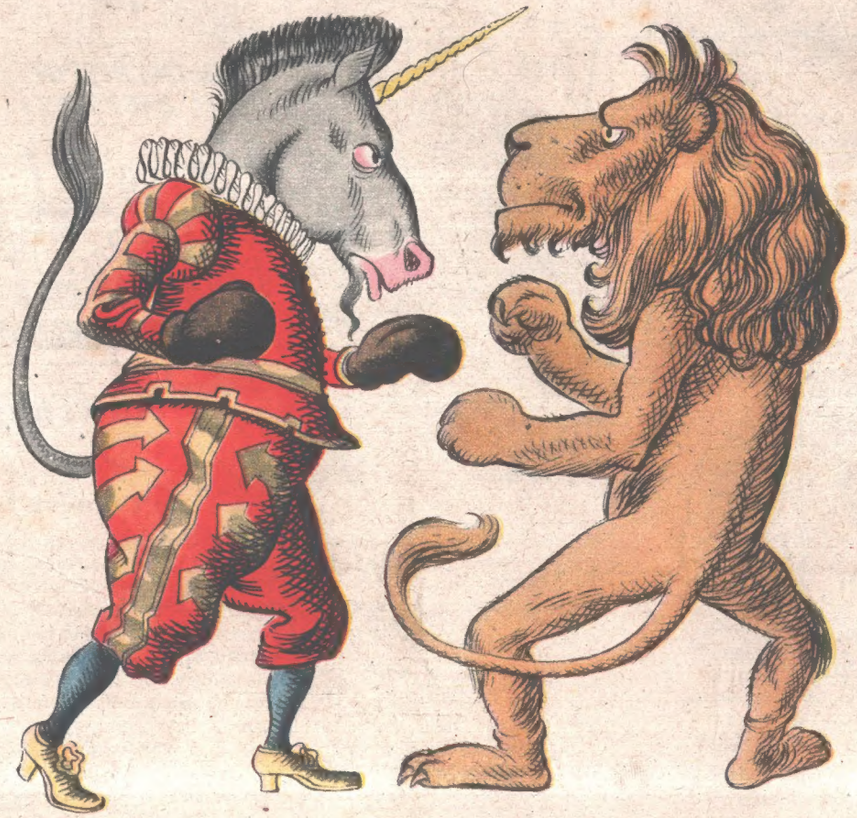
"But what are they fighting for?"

"Well, they both want a Guinness," said the King, "and there's only one left. The worst of the joke is, that even that one belongs to me! Let's run and see them." And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the song:

"'*The Lion and The Unicorn*'
was full of thirsty men
From ten o'clock till two o'clock
and six o'clock till ten.
Some had a sandwich, some had two:
But they all had a Guinness,
which is Good For You."

"Does — the one — that wins — get the Guinness?" she asked, as well as she could while they were running.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "The one that's *had* the Guinness wins."



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.566.E